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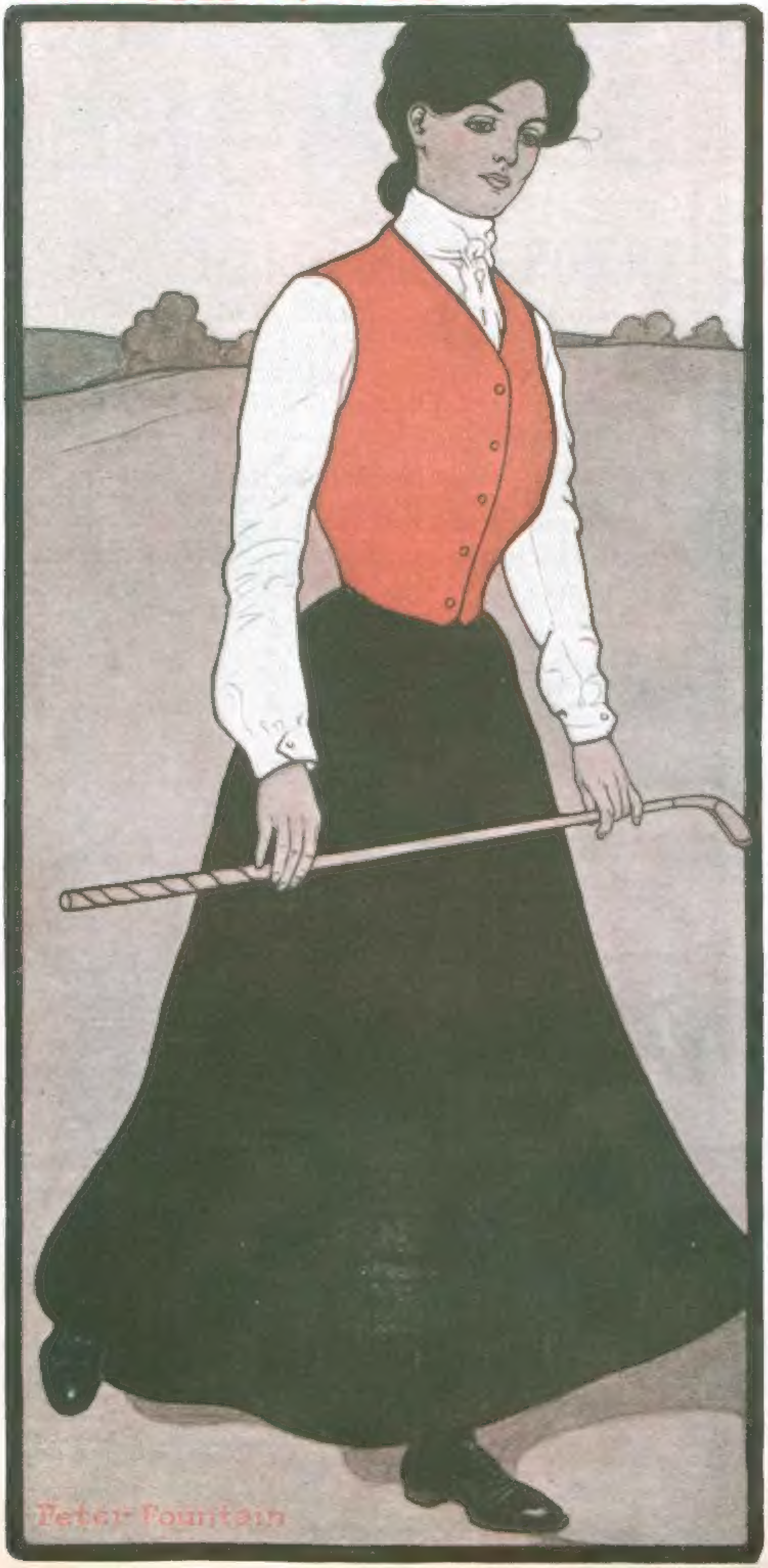

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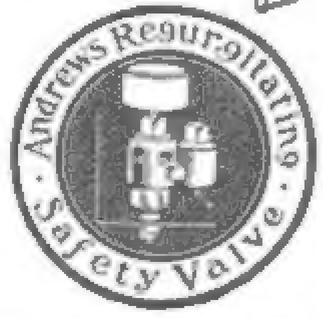

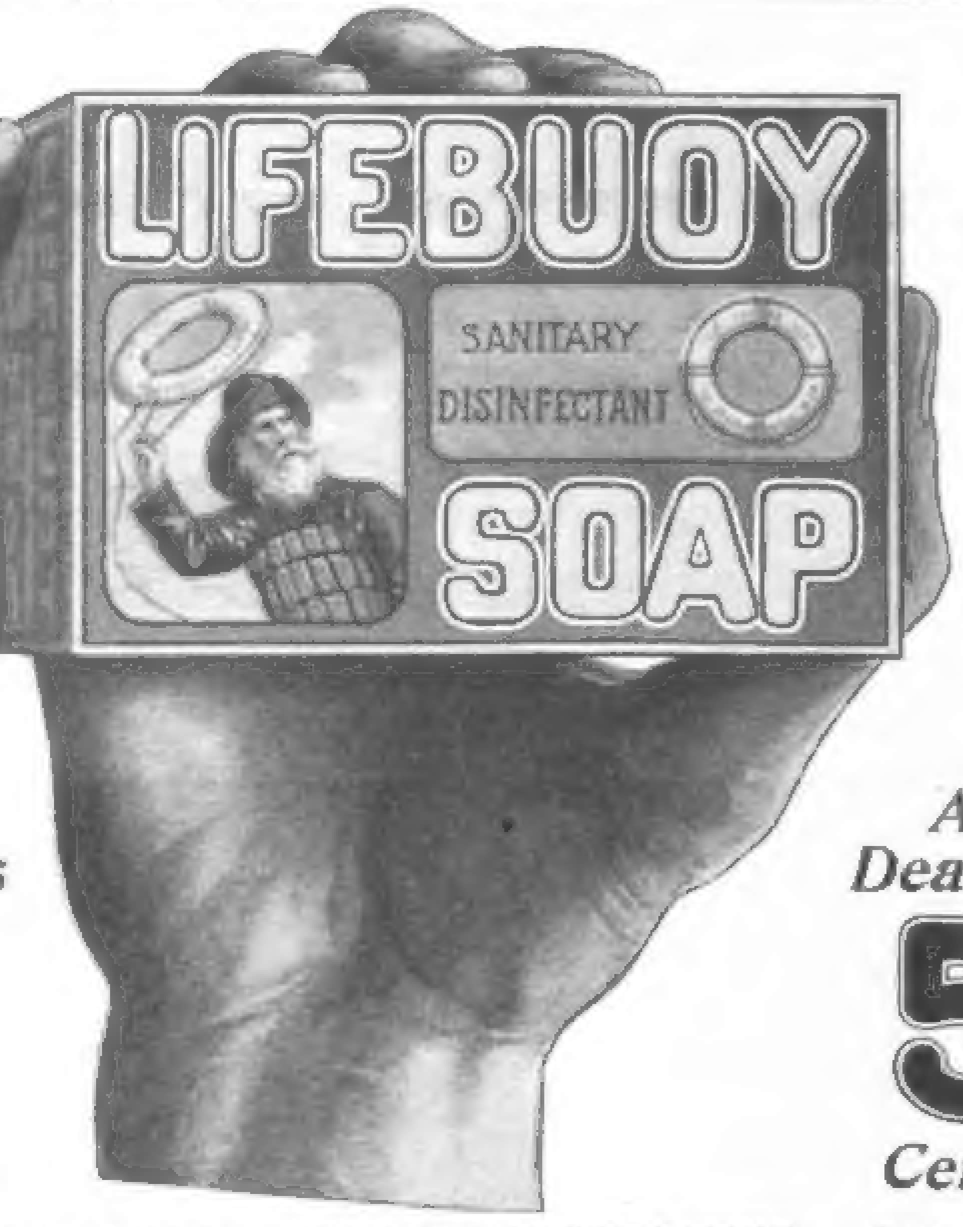

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THE BRAIN TRUST

The Oligarchy that Rules the Country

By William Allen White

SENATOR BEVERIDGE
OF INDIANA

A GREAT editor has been described as a man who knows where the devil is going to break out next, and who has a reporter on the spot to tell about it. If this definition is correct, the fact is significant that more reporters hang up their overcoats in the press gallery of the United States Senate than in any other news centre in the world. During the three or four years last past there has been a gradual thinning out of reporters in the press gallery of the House of Representatives, and now it is virtually deserted. But the Senate press gallery lobby is crowded. Which fact seems to indicate that the real power in the legislative branch of the American Government has passed from the House to the Senate. Yet it is not well to be cock-sure. For there is always a crowd about the doors of the House; the lobby before the door of the House Committee on Ways and Means is always thronged, and the patter of hurrying feet on the tiled corridors of that part of the Capitol where even the minor committees of the House are found is never silent during the working-day. With people who do things and have real, though often trivial, business, the House is still popular. The Senate is not so. And yet newspaper men, who generally sense things accurately, avoid the House and court the Senate. The conditions are anomalous. The explanation is this: In the House news is made under cover, in committees, by machine, as it were; measures that have been incubating for years, burst suddenly through their shells in the House, without warning, without discussion, and hurry to their passage. Not a dozen members know what bills are coming, outside of the committeemen who bring these bills in full-fledged. Debate is smothered in the House, and measures go to a vote on party lines. There is no news element in the cut and dried, and reporters avoid it. But in the Senate, because debate is unlimited, the real merits of the measure in question will be discussed, and there reporters go for the meat of the matter. It was supposed by the makers of the Constitution that the House would initiate legislation and that the Senate would have merely a veto power on the House's bills. The situation now seems to be this: The House winnows out the chaff from among the many bills introduced, and hands them up for the Senate to formulate, discuss and pass; then voting upon reports of conference committees, after the Senate has hammered a bill into a prospective law, the House has the veto on the Senate's initiative.

SENATOR LODGE
OF MASSACHUSETTS

Thus it happens that, the House being no longer a deliberative body, the strong men of the House are leaving it for the Senate. The great national careers of the eighties and nineties that were made in Congress at all were made in the House. Blaine, McKinley and Reed grew famous and powerful in the House. Harrison served a term in the Senate, but that term did not add much lustre to his name. The Senate in those days was considered an old gentlemen's home, a kind of male embroidery club, where elderly men of means could enjoy their afternoon snoozes while their wives and daughters were dressing for dinner. So it happens that the Senate, in its dawning day of power, is filled with rich old snoozers, and eight men, only two of whom are more than well-to-do, run things in the Senate as though they had a fee-simple title to it. These eight men often are referred to as the Senate Brain Trust. They are Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Hanna, of Ohio; Platt, of Connecticut; Lodge, of Massachusetts; Hale and Frye, of Maine; Allison, of Iowa; and Spooner, of Wisconsin. These men, so far as the legislative branch of this Government goes in any affair, are the Republican party. They can unite and force the House of Representatives into any position they would insist on; for they are fair men whose judgment is reliable: and if they would join in making a request or a suggestion to the President of the United States to-day, even though his own judgment might point in another direction than theirs, he would hesitate a long time before following it on anything but a moral issue. These men are as close, taken as a group, to President Roosevelt as his Cabinet is, similarly considered. He consults them freely, and, so much as a man may do in simple dignity, he shares some of the impersonal responsibilities of his office with them. The brain trust is not a good name for these men; rather they might be called the official keepers of the National conscience.

No better preliminary work may be done, in considering the Senate and its powers and tendencies, than to look at these men briefly who control the Senate. In the first place it may be noted that five out of the eight of them are Eastern men; the Senate is dominated by the East as the House is by the West; and not merely is the majority of the Senate leaders composed of Easterners, but New Englanders — Yankees of the purest strain. Each of the eight has received some sort of a college education. Six of them, Lodge, Frye, Hale, Spooner, Platt and Allison, were trained as lawyers. There are three practical politicians in the group — Hanna, Aldrich and Lodge. Any of the others would be helpless in the upper corridors of a hotel during a hot political fight. Two of them are accounted rich — Hanna and Aldrich; the others are well-to-do American gentlemen passing middle age, who have no reason to fear want in their declining years. Excepting the three men who live west of the Alleghenies, where every reëlection to the Senate is a fight with the wolves, the Senate leaders may expect to stay in the Senate during the rest of their natural lives. They have to all intents a life tenure on their offices. They may follow the dictates of their consciences as closely as a Federal judge may without considering the caprices of the people at the polls. In the New England group there isn't a man who might not oppose his party time and again, even abuse and bullyrag his party with impunity. This liberality of action gives the East its power, and until the West takes its lariat off its members and gives them personal elbow-room the West will be represented in the Senate by nobodies. The very fact that Hanna by the crass power of personality can drag his State after him, and that Spooner by sheer intellect can command his State, and that tradition in Iowa compels Allison's reëlection, gives these three men much of their strength. No State that sends a slave to the Senate, who has to cringe to public sentiment, need expect to be represented there by a man. This much, then, is seen of the group of Senate leaders: that they are trained minds and free men. Men of that type are likely to be honest; for a good head soon learns to give up the luxury of a bad heart. It is well known of men that, in all the relations of life — in business, in politics, and in the more intimate social relations — these Senate leaders are true and square. There is not a crooked stick among them. But whatever else may be said of the Senate as it now exists it will not tolerate a scoundrel among its leaders. The surest road to obscurity in the Senate is the broad and devious one.

SENATOR HANNA
OF OHIO

SENATOR SPOONER
OF WISCONSIN

SENATOR PLATT
OF CONNECTICUT

Now the Senate and the House differ widely in this: that in the House after the thirty foremost men are named the others are utterly unknown. In the Senate when the eight foremost men are named there are twice as many other men who narrowly escape being in the first class. Among these men

SENATOR GALLINGER
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

are every Senator from New England and the Senators from Michigan, Indiana, Nevada, Missouri, and Senators Foraker, Quarles, Quay, Bailey, Blackburn, Dolliver, Elkins, Cullom, Morgan, Nelson, Warren, and two or three others. By a turn of the wheel of fortune any of these men in the second class may be thrown into the first class, provided always that he is reasonably decent, and just a little more honest than his times. Indeed, so far as the rules of the Senate are concerned, a man may rise from the level of the Senate to prominence at his will. There is absolutely free play for every Senator under the Senate rules. Debate is unlimited.

The machine, though it exists, is submerged, and the individual seems unhampered in his action before the Senate. Theoretically, every Senator is a leader. Yet two-thirds of the membership of the Senate is as ignorant of what is really going on, and is as ineffective in getting things done, and is as totally without knowledge of how to direct its power as the majority in the House of Representatives is under the strangling cloture rule. Nothing in this American Government shows so clearly how little laws and rules and restrictions have to do with the condition of men, and how much character *does* have to do, as the comparison between the rules of the Senate and those of the House, and the similarity of the results in the matter of leadership. Character is the only thing among men that makes things move.

The Senator's Possible Power for Evil

IT MAY be shown how under the rules of the Senate the individual possesses dangerous power. It may be demonstrated clearly that one man, standing on his rights as a Senator to debate a measure till he is convinced of his error, may prevent the passage of every bit of legislation before the Congress for six years — even the appropriation bills. There is no doubt that under the law and the rules he can do this, if the Senate does not change its rules in the mean time. It may be shown how a Senator under the present system of distributing the patronage may tie the hands of the President by refusing, for instance, to confirm any Presidential appointee for United States Marshal in the Senator's State who will not execute the laws as the Senator reads them rather than as the President wishes them executed. The possible power for evil of any Senator is to-day nearly as much as the possible power for evil of a President, provided a Senator cares to be brazen, and a President would be brazen also, and not seek cover. The power of the Senate for good or bad has been set forth ably by Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson recently. He showed how the Constitution places the appointing power in the matter of administrative offices under the Government with the President and the veto power with the Senate, and how the growth of the party system has reversed this, so that to-day Senators appoint all these officers, and the President vetoes their appointments — when he must do so — and that his desire to veto Senatorial appointments is weakened by the fact that the Senate, having power to confirm other appointments than the one immediately under consideration, may keep out of office every good and efficient man who is near the President's heart, including prospective members of his Cabinet. One may go even a step further and prove that in many States the Senator is the political boss, or office broker. In these States his power to control important Federal offices, and his vote on the confirmation of even minor Federal officers in his State has made members of Congress from his State his henchmen, and has put the State administration under his hands. There is no question about the facts here. In theory it is possible for a Senator to exercise the power of an absolute monarch in his State, and to throttle the Government of the Nation so long as he continues in office. But no such thing was ever done, nor ever will be done. No matter what horrible dragons we may carve out of the wood of possibility they will not really and truly bite; they lack one thing: life. And in reckoning the danger from rules and customs and laws we should not fail to reckon with life. It is not the things in this life that may or might happen that should engage our precautions. It is the things that do happen. There are certain recurring phenomena of existence which the race has come to understand; this understanding is coined into current proverbs: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Evil is a coward. In the Senate of the United States, whatever is done is done openly. Everything is subject to amendment and debate. The man who would do all these terrible things with which we are threatened by the power of the Senate must do them in broad daylight. Good men and great are scarce, Heaven knows; but bad men and great are still scarcer; only one character in history is bad and great enough to do any of these dangerous things which American Senators might do, and he is supposed to be in chains and not a possible Senatorial candidate.

PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SENATOR ALDRICH
OF RHODE ISLAND

That some Senators do sometimes use their power villainously is, of course, true. One may even go further and say that, being human, it is probable that once in a while every Senator, however good, uses his power badly. But being representative American citizens, and being in the Senate because they are thoroughly representative, these Senators are going to act largely as the average man acts, and during a day, or a month, or a year the balance of good done by any Senator is going to oversum the small amount of evil he does. Generally the evil will be done thoughtlessly, whereas the good will come from the conscious effort to help the world along which is planted in every sane heart. But suppose a man is deliberately bad; suppose he skates as near the edge of the ice of good behavior as possible; suppose he is a moral degenerate and should happen to get into the Senate; what then? What checks are there on him?

Apparently none, but really a score. The first is self-preservation: the desire for reëlection. Putting that away, there is the common-sense of decency among the other Senators which would smother Senatorial courtesy and all its brood the moment they threatened any real danger to public welfare. But barring the sense of decency of his associates, there is the crushing power of the party machine, which, though a Senator or a group of them may control its levers and pulleys and cogs, gets its real power from the members of the party in the wards and precincts of the land. The man who would dare violate that party sense would be ground to pieces. They would all come out the same kind of sausage. The moral sense of this Republic grinds exceeding fine. And the moral sense of the people will back a man up, standing alone, just as it will grind him up, standing alone. Witness Beveridge. There is no doubt but that for six weeks a working majority of the Senate favored the admission of four Territories into the Union. During that time a majority of the people did not favor this measure. Senator Beveridge had charge of the fight against the Statehood bill that favored the admission of four States. The Senate was against him. Probably the people were with him. Then began the longest continuous filibustering fight ever made in the history of the Senate. To many outsiders it looked as though Quay was doing the filibustering. He was doing nothing of the kind. He was merely insisting day by day on a vote on the Statehood bill, and the Beveridge people, who knew the majority in the Senate was against them, would not let the matter come to a vote, and kept exercising the Senatorial right to debate the question indefinitely. Now, if Beveridge had been advocating a proposition distinctly immoral or had been opposing a proposition that stood for a great moral issue, he would have been withered by a flood of public wrath, instead of getting the mild scorching that came from a few Western papers. The beet-sugar Senators a year ago were kept jumping like dancing turkeys while they opposed a moral issue and were glad enough to announce their conversion to the Cuban reciprocity idea when Congress convened in December. Theoretically, the Senate is not near the people; it was devised as a long-term body which should be somewhat removed from popular waves of emotion and of prejudice. When these are wrong, the Senate, by some inscrutable means, withstands them. But when a wave of popular feeling is a moral wave the Senate is more sensitive to it than the House; for the men in the Senate are wiser than those in the House, and "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Where Gratitude Comes In

AND now, bearing all these things in mind, remembering that whatever gorgons lie in wait the Republic is not in the slightest danger, it may be well to consider briefly the questionable powers of the Senate. These are mostly powers of patronage. For while the House and the people are checks on the lawmaking powers of the Senate majority, the general conduct of the Senator, as has just been shown, cannot go far astray. But in patronage the Senator has much unhampered power. Gratitude is the basis of many good actions. When a Federal officer knows that a Senator — or a Representative, if he be high in authority — desires a thing done about which the public seems to have no feeling well defined, if the Senator or the Representative has that Federal officer under substantial obligations of a political nature, the thing will probably be done — provided the officer next above doesn't find it out.

Probably not ten district attorneys in the United States would refuse the request of the Senator who gave them their offices to dismiss a suit against any minor offender — if the district attorney could do so without attracting the attention of the Attorney-General of the United States.

The same thing is equally true of marshals and revenue collectors and land officers.

The responsibility for executing the laws is divided between the law-making branch of the Government and the executive. This is, of course, bad, because the blame falls not on the Senators when officers are derelict, but upon the executive branch. The thing is extra-constitutional and pernicious. But it is not a cause for revolution nor for serious alarm. In the nature of things it will correct itself before it gets too bad. So long as the people are clean the Government will be clean. And these practices, bad as they are, are really no worse than the sharp practices of business and the tricks of all trades, which pass current among the people for acumen and commendable keenness. It is easy to call the thing smart in one's own business that one scorns as crooked in another man's business! And the irregular practices of some of the Senators — not all, nor by any means a majority — represent the average moral lapses of the average man in his own affairs. These are, of course, reprehensible and should not be condoned; but on the other hand, they should not cause any one to lose faith in either his God or his country.

PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SENATOR FRYE
OF MAINE

A Fair Judgment of the Senate

THE Senate should be judged not by its faults nor by its virtues, but by the balance between them. It should be judged as a man is judged, not for this one good thing nor that other bad thing, but on the whole and by and large. "By their fruits ye shall know them." And under this test, taking the good and the bad, rejecting nothing, the Senate stands well. On the whole, the work of the Senate at the session last past has been good work. It may have omitted to do certain things which it should have done; but in legislation that is a small fault. Generally speaking, there are laws enough, and the failure to make one or two more is rarely serious. The important question to put is whether or not the things done were well done. If that question may be answered without apology, the result is good. And there is really nothing to blush for in the work of the Senate at this session. The bills which the Senate has helped to make laws were not all that many people desired. But they were equitable compromises between opposing extremes. All legislation is compromise. During the last half of the nineteenth century the Congress of the nation became little more than a clearing-house of opposing interests. There was scarcely any issue before the people that did not resolve itself into a tug of war between the representatives of the States in Congress: Senators, who should not be ambassadors from the several States, but tribunes of all the people of all the States, came to be mere wranglers for sectional interest. But of late years questions have arisen that have put the Senators back in the places where they belonged in the minds of the men who created the Senate — that is, as councilors of the whole nation. The discussions of our insular policy should not be sectional. Such a policy should be American policy rather than Northern, Southern, Eastern or Western. The tendency during the recent session was certainly in that direction. When that tendency grows rigid in custom the American Senate, with its open debate, renewed from year to year with new blood, "of the people and by the people," yet always out of the reach of the people in their passing spasms of anger, will be the greatest forum in the world. Then, discussing affairs beyond sectional interest (and in that much altruistic), affairs that shall test the national unselfishness and make the country take a loftier view of life than the full dinner-pail view, American Senators, relieved from the distracting details of preliminary legislation by the work of an efficient House, will find the "subject and the occasion" for true eloquence. And those times will develop the man! For it is a curious thing about our form of government that the same forces which develop great opportunities make men great enough to fill them. When opportunities go begging it will be the first sign of the nation's decay; and if that sign appears in the Senate, then indeed the alarm should be sounded. But now is not the time.

The Potato-Tender's Letter

WHICH recalls a closing story. In the old days in the Dakotas the United States Government sent some potatoes to a small army post for planting. The whole West was interested in the experiment, as it was thought then that potatoes would not grow in that soil. The potatoes were planted inside a stockade, and when the officer in charge took his squad away he left the crop in charge of a plainsman with instructions to allow no one inside the stockade and to report promptly and regularly on the potatoes. In ten days the officer got this letter from his potato-tender:

> *Dere Cap:* Nothink Mutch has happen sense you left. Nigger Bill whitch is a renegade Crow Injun and a War Party come up yesterday and Wanted in. Nigger Bill he road up hooping and sed: I want in, and I sed No Nigger Bill you cannot come in and he sed I am a chief and I am coming in and I sed No Nigger Bill you must not come in, and he said Well I am coming in, and he started for the wicket. Then I went and got my gun and shot Nigger Bill and killed Him. He is ded. The potatoes is doing well.

In these times there is danger of being diverted from the main and vital part of things, and seeing bias and finding trivial faults. Therefore it may be well to know that so far as the United States Senate is concerned, the potatoes, however small some of them may be, on the whole and in the main "is doing well."

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. White's articles on Washington. The next will appear in an early number.

Great Men at the Table

By William Mathews

AS EVERYTHING relating to great men is interesting, it is not strange that so much has been published about their tastes regarding things edible and potable. Possessing stronger natures—intenser likes and antipathies—than most other men, it is not strange that they have generally been exceedingly fond of particular dishes. Aristotle, the father of philosophy, who dominated the intellectual world for two thousand years, was an exception. He lived so frugally that he might almost be said to have feasted on fancy. He speaks of himself somewhere as a fit person to have lived in the world when men fed on acorns. A noted French lady said that she would commit a baseness for the sake of fried potatoes. A similar avowal with regard to some other pet dish might be made truthfully by more than one disciple of Epicurus.

It is well known that the English King who died of a surfeit of lampreys was one of the foremost statesmen and warriors of his age, besides being a scholar. Alexander Pope, who was an epicure, would lie abed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would rise instantly and hurry down to the table. His host, the brilliant orator and politician, was temperate at the table; but an over-roasted leg of mutton would strangely ruffle his temper. When Bolingbroke, inviting the cynical Swift to dinner, told of the tempting dishes that would be set before him, the Dean replied: "A plague on your bill of fare! Show me your bill of company."

Doctor Johnson had a keen relish for a leg of mutton and for a veal pie with plums. "At my aunt Fields'," he once said, "I ate so much of a leg of mutton that she used to talk of it." Being once treated to a dish of new honey and clouted cream, he ate so voraciously that his entertainer was alarmed. Dryden, declining, in 1699, an invitation from a lady to an attractive supper, wrote: "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach." The great Greek scholar, Doctor Parr, avowed that he had a great love for "hot boiled lobsters with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Byron was inordinately fond of bacon and eggs, in which he would indulge in spite of what he knew would be the inevitable result—an attack of indigestion. Another and a harmless passion of the poet was that for soda water, on which and dry biscuits he at one time almost exclusively subsisted. In this he was rivaled by the famous Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, the millionaire author, who during the days and nights of continuous work in which he dashed off his Vathek—an Eastern tale to which Byron said that "even Rasselas must bow"—subsisted mainly on the same gaseous fluid.

Like Byron, Leigh Hunt would treat himself at late suppers to the most indigestible foods, though he had repeatedly suffered from them—"nightmare producing things," as he himself confessed, "that had nearly killed him." Ariosto had a ravenous appetite for turnips. Goethe had an immense appetite, and ate more than most men even on days when he complained of not being hungry. He took no refreshment, however, until two o'clock except a cup of chocolate at eleven. Of wine he took two or three bottles daily. Handel, who was a large, bulky man, ate enormously, and when he dined at a tavern always ordered dinner for three. When told that the dinner would be ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den pring up de dinner prestissimo; I am de company." Beethoven, who in general cared little for the pleasures of the table, yet was very fastidious and even whimsical regarding his food. Soup was his favorite dish; but it was hard to make it so as to please him. He told a servant who had lied to him that she was not pure in heart and therefore could not make good soup. Once, when his cook set before him some eggs that were stale, he threw one by one the whole batch at her.

Dr. George Fordyce, a celebrated London physician, author and lecturer on chemistry, who died in 1802, had a singular theory regarding meals. He asserted that as one meal a day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. In accordance with this opinion, he for more than twenty years ate only a dinner during the entire day, which he took regularly at four o'clock in the afternoon at Dolly's Chop House. But then, like the one meal of the lion, it was a meal indeed. A pound and a half of rump steak, half of a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a gill of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale—these satisfied nature's cravings till twenty-four hours more had passed, and occupied one hour and a half of his time. How the doctor was able, half an hour afterward—at six o'clock, daily—to deliver his lectures on Anatomy and Chemistry it is hard to see.

The Finals and Alice Gray

By Brand Whitlock

THE HISTORY OF A MATCH THAT DECIDED MORE THAN THE CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

ALICE sat on the piazza of the clubhouse looking out on the fair green of the home hole. Jack Lauden was already there, practicing mid-iron shots. At the finish of each stroke he held the attitude, his legs apart as in a huge stride, his body twisted on his hips, his mid-iron at an angle in the air, his eyes intent on the ball that went so unerringly on to the green. Lauden held the position each time for several minutes, rigid, like a dog that is pointing. Never once did he turn his head to look at the brilliant throng on the clubhouse piazza; he affected a complete oblivion to that presence; he seemed to be utterly absorbed in the study of his game.

Alice thought him as oblivious as he appeared. As a golfer she admired his perfect form; she admired, too, the picture he made: his spotless white flannels against the deep green of the course; the blue and white handkerchief knotted at his throat; his arms bare to the elbows and bronzed and brawny as a mower's. His plaid hose showed at his ankles whenever he whirled in his stroke, his smooth face flushed with his exertion, and his yellow curls stirred in the light breeze that blew across the links.

Haworth, standing on the lawn, leaned against the rail of the piazza. He was dressed for play; his heavy leather bag leaned against the rail beside him. He had a driver in his hand. Once or twice he swung lightly at a clover top, but he did not practice. He, too, watched Lauden and admired him. He envied him, too, his being able to play so certainly and so easily before that company. He knew that he himself should be practicing, but the company embarrassed him. He let the moments pass by. Once he looked at Alice sitting there in her white linen She was beautiful, he thought, though not so beautiful as on that day when he first had seen her, in her golf suit, her head bare, her sleeves rolled to her elbows, bending above her ball on the putting green. The gallery had held its breath that day until she made the long nineteen-yard putt. He, too, had held his breath, but not because of any suspense about the putt. But to-day he saw the admiration on her face and his own face grew long and serious. He wished the moment for playing would hasten, that he might begin and have it over.

The throng on the piazza, pacing nervously up and down, chattering, laughing, their red and green and white jackets flashing back and forth in the brilliant light of the October afternoon, gathered finally about Alice. Sissy Louison, in a new scarlet jacket with brass buttons, though he never played, posted himself directly at Alice's side.

"Well, Alice," he said, "you're my lady at the tourney to-day—the winner gets your hand, eh?" He said this in the right of impertinence that was his by virtue of his position as an old beau who had stood still in his youth, as it were, while all the generations of the town's young girls grew up, danced, drove and flirted with him, then passed on to matronhood and left him to their younger sisters.

The group about her laughed knowingly, and Sissy Louison stood with his legs apart, cocked his head, and smiled with the self-satisfaction he always felt when he had said a thing no one else would have dared to say. Alice glanced at him, but she could not achieve a steady gaze.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, twisting her gloves in her fingers and tossing her head to one side.

The group laughed again, emboldened by the effrontery of Sissy Louison. They enjoyed Alice's embarrassment.

"It makes it awfully interesting!" exclaimed Blanche Norris.

"Yes," said Alexander, "it's the most valuable president's cup ever put up in this or any other club."

"It holds so much," said Sissy Louison.

"Who're you betting on, Alice?" asked Williams rather bluntly.

"Ho, as if she'd tell!" cried Sissy Louison, clapping his hands. "That's just the point!"

He minced away, carefully reassuring himself that his cap was covering the bald spot on his head.

"Isn't he awful?" said Alice, looking after him, and trying to recover the dignity he had so seriously compromised.

"No, honestly, Alice," persisted Williams, "joking aside, who do you think will win?"

She saw that he was appealing to her now as the winner of the woman's championship.

"I really think it's a very even thing, John," she said quite seriously.

Then they all cried out and laughed immoderately, the women clapping their hands. Alice blushed deeply.

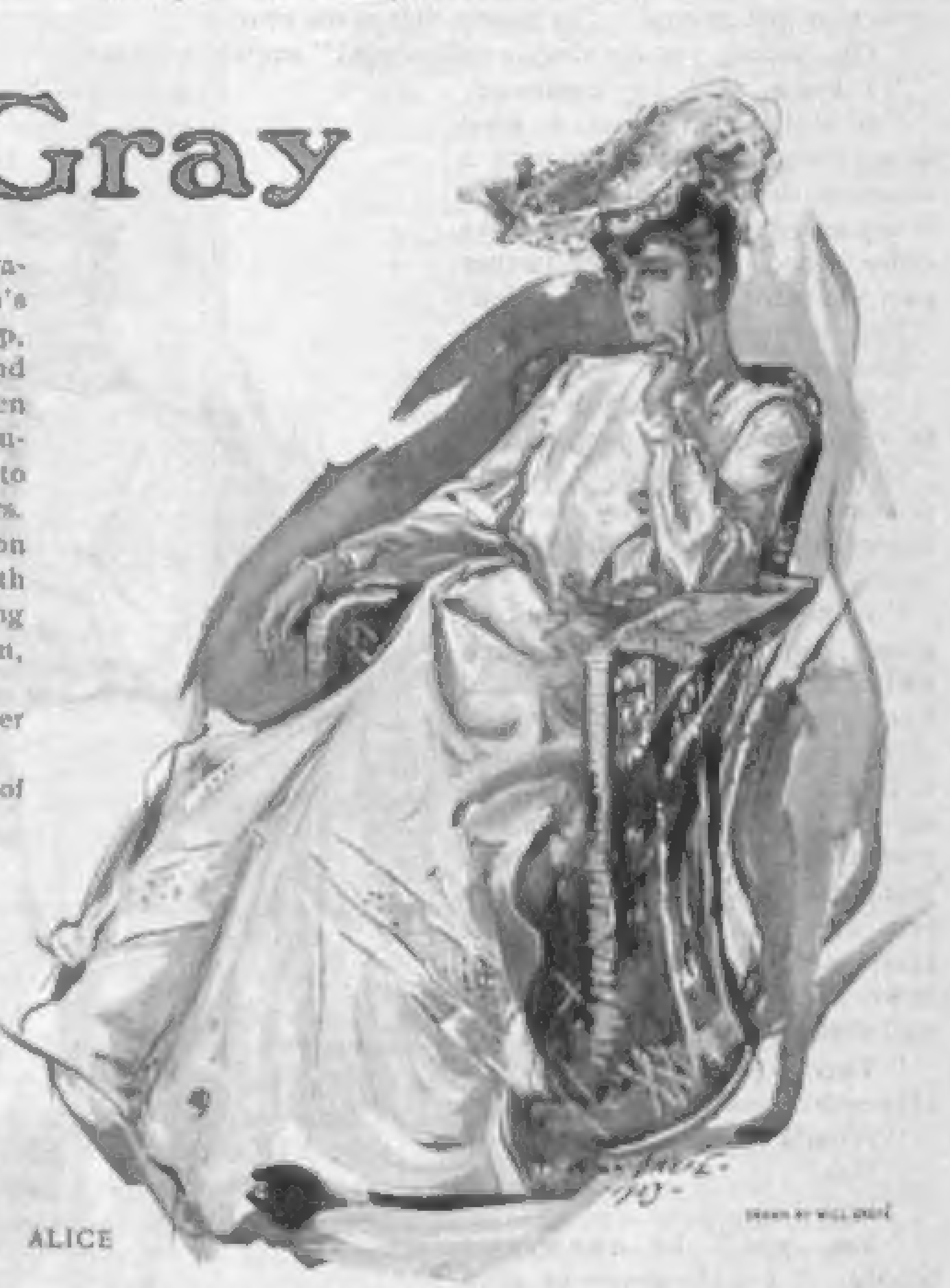
"What's the matter? What's the matter?" said Sissy Louison, flitting up again.

"She says it's a very even thing!" said Blanche Norris with a significant glance.

"Why, of course! I could have told you that!" Sissy Louison replied.

"I think you're all perfectly horrid!" said Alice, flirting her gloves at them.

Williams and Alexander and the other men crossed the piazza and stood before the great blackboard on the wall of the clubhouse, where, in a graduated series of brackets, the story of the tournament for the president's cup was told. The last and smallest bracket embraced the names of Lauden and Haworth. Just below its point was written: "Champion, 1902." The name of the winner would be written in after Lauden and Haworth had played the finals that afternoon.


ALICE

The men studied the record as if they might pick the winner. The joking she had endured that afternoon had gone deeper in her heart than Alice Gray would admit even to herself. She knew that society, because of the gossip about her relation to this match, had revived an interest in a sport it feared was no longer as fashionable as it once was, and she knew, too, how much truth there was in society's sentimental tale; there was enough, so far as her own indecision and trouble of heart went, at least, to make her wish they would discuss some other topic.

When Sissy Louison had nervously tripped away again she looked out over the green, across the gully, and far away to where the sun lay bright and warm on The Veldt. Her eyes dreamily rested on the canvas pavilion on the hill at the fifth tee, gleaming, a white spot, through the October haze that filled the valleys between the smooth green hills.

"Isn't it an ideal day?" she said at length.

"Look at Jack Lauden," said Blanche Norris irrelevantly, her eyes on nearer scenes. "His form is perfect!"

"Yes," said Mollie Wells, "but where is Archie?"

"He's over there," said Blanche, pointing to Haworth. He was still leaning against the railing of the piazza.

"I wonder why he isn't practicing?" said Mollie. "Does he think it isn't necessary?"

Haworth had felt their gaze upon him, and he glanced up uneasily. He saw that Alice was looking at him now, and he felt drawn toward her. He picked up his caddie bag and came over to where she sat in the midst of the group. He leaned over the rail, folding his bare arms upon it.

"Why aren't you practicing?" asked Alice rather severely.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, kicking the toe of his hobnailed shoe into the sod. "Jack's in great form to-day, isn't he?" He turned to look at Lauden, seeking to divert attention from himself to his competitor. Lauden had moved toward the green and had taken his mashie.

"He drops 'em dead every time," remarked Mollie.

The girls went to the other end of the piazza to follow Lauden's practice play, and the men soon went after them. Haworth turned again and looked up at Alice.

"Are you nervous?" she asked.

"Frightfully," he replied.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "What for?"

"Well," he answered, "you know I never can play with a gallery."

"How did you get along this morning?"

"Not very well."

"Not very well?"

"No. I played eighteen holes with Clifton."

"That was too much. You should have rested. How did you come out?"

"He beat."

"He!" said Alice in scorn. "How, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I don't know," Haworth said, almost penitently. "He made an eighty-three." He mused a moment. "He wore that striped sweater of his—that always does make me fidgety."

She looked at him sympathetically.

"And then," he continued, "Lauden's got that caddie this afternoon." He pointed at the boy leaping into the air in a pretense of catching Lauden's balls. "I never could play with that kid around. He nearly drives me crazy."

"Oh, Archie, you are simply ridiculous!" exclaimed Alice.

"I know it," he confessed. "I'm ridiculous about a good many things." He spoke with a meaning, then glanced about to see if any one were near. They were quite alone. He leaned farther over the railing. Then he added: "You, for instance."

She made no reply.

"You might at least deny *that* is ridiculous," he complained. "Of course the thought of my presumption is ridiculous. I know that." He ended hopelessly, hanging his head.

"Hadn't you better be thinking about golf? You have enough whims as it is—with your striped sweaters and your caddies and all that. Of course," she hastened to do the justice of one golfer to another, knowing the moods and tenses of the game, "I understand just how they affect you. I nearly lost my match because Sadie Harnett wore her hair in a pigtail down her back—as if she were still sixteen—the silly thing!"

"There's something else," Haworth began.

"What's that?"

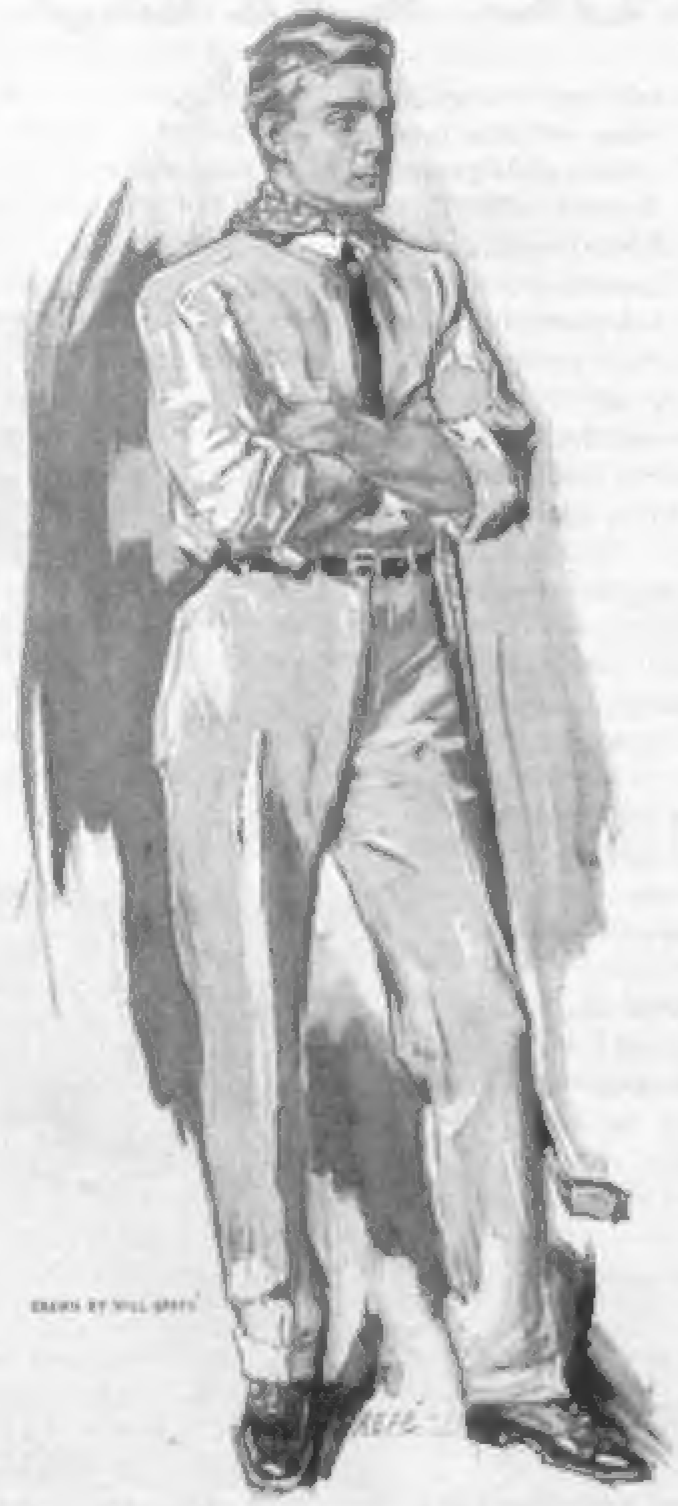
"You."

"Me?"

"Yes, you," he answered boldly. "I shall never be able to keep my eye on the ball with you about."

MacNeal, the professional, was coming out of the club-house, clattering across the piazza in his spiked shoes. With him were Lawrence, the president of the club, and Gregory, who was to score.

"It's time," said Alice. She sprang to her feet.



BORN TO LEAD, TO COMMAND, TO SUMMON VICTORY.

"Yes," said Haworth. A chill was on him. He picked up his bag. The whole brilliant throng moved across the green toward the tee of Westward Ho, the first hole.

Lauden drove, a long, clean drive, straight across the pond two hundred yards down the course. Haworth, with a deliberation that Alice knew was to overcome his nervousness, addressed his ball again and again. It rather exasperated Alice, the more because when he drove at last his ball was quite as good, in direction and in distance, as Lauden's. Then the players and the gallery trooped down the hill and across the little white bridge to the fair-green. Haworth could see Alice walking ahead with Lauden. Lauden was laughing down into her very eyes, and she was smiling back into his.

"I'm going to win, Alice," Lauden was saying. "I'll beat him to a standstill. I know it."

"I wouldn't be too cock-sure," she said.

"All right," Lauden answered, tossing his head, "you wait and see. I'll lay that cup in your hands to-night."

"How romantic you are, Jack!" Alice exclaimed. "Just like a crusader!" Her tone was one of irony, but her blush was one of pleasure.

Haworth was playing the odd; his ball dropped on the green and Lauden pitched his beside it easily. They putted out in two each and halved the hole.

The second hole, where the drive is over the burn, as every one loved to hear MacNeal call the high-banked stream, was the hardest on the course. But the rivals played it evenly until they were on the green. Haworth, twenty feet from the hole, was putting. Alice saw that, just as he drew back his club, he cast his glance toward her. The putt was short; he played one more. Lauden went in on his fifth stroke and the hole was his.

"It's absurd," said Alice to Mollie Wells, "how Archie lets little things throw him off his game."

Haworth, however, won the third hole, running down a long putt from the edge of the green for a three. The girls clapped their hands.

"Sh!" went Lawrence, hushing them. He took golf even more seriously than did MacNeal; so seriously that he always met the club's deficits at the end of the year.

They halved the fourth hole, and Lauden won the fifth. On the sixth, the smooth terrace that lay along the side of the ridge, he played perfectly, so that the gallery applauded again. Haworth had topped his drive, and it required four for him to hole out. Lauden was two up.

With Haworth, Alice climbed the hill up to the seventh tee.

"What was it that time?" she said almost petulantly.

"It was that Mrs. Cordill; didn't you hear her? Jabbering away there at the tee just as I drove! Can't anything be done to keep her still?"

"Jack doesn't mind it," said Alice. "He's playing faultless golf. Look at him now—and such form!"

She stood, as it were, on tiptoe, breathless.

"Watch his follow-through!" she whispered hurriedly.

Lauden's driver cracked, and the ball soared gracefully across the ravine, far down the course. He turned away with a nonchalant smile.

"Splendid, Jack!" cried Alice.

The throng looked at her.

"Want to bet on him, Alice?" called Sissy Louison.

"Sh!" went Lawrence, and she stopped stock-still, the wind playing with her skirts. Haworth glanced at her. She caught the appeal in his glance. Then he drove, pressing savagely, but his drive cleared the ravine.

"Nice one, old man," patronized Lauden.

Haworth made no reply, but ran in long leaps down into the ravine and up the other slope.

"He's out of sorts," said Mollie Wells. "Isn't he?"

"Why, I hadn't noticed it," said Alice with an air almost of injury.

Haworth's brassie fell on the hither side of the sunken road that made a hazard for the green and gave the hole its name of Waterloo, but he pitched his ball on to the green and it ran prettily down to within a foot of the hole.

"Bonnie shot!" exclaimed MacNeal in his deep voice, and the gallery laughed. There was pride in the laugh; they all felt so thoroughly repaid. MacNeal was their greatest comfort. They never omitted to explain, in speaking of him, "He learned his game at St. Andrews, you know." It demanded an offhand manner, but they had acquired that.

The bonnie shot enabled Haworth to halve that hole as well. But on Valley Creek, with its bogey of five, Haworth took six, while Lauden, never varying in his game, made the hole in bogey and won.

"He's two up, isn't he?" asked Mollie Wells.

"Three," Alice replied with a sudden and surprising pride. She marveled, secretly, to herself; and she walked with her head down, meditating. Mollie drew away from her and entwined her arm about Blanche Norris.

"I've solved the problem," she whispered. They were lifting their skirts as they went through the tall grass toward the group of slender little pines that grew between the green of the eighth and the tee of the ninth hole.

"Which is it?" Blanche asked.

"Jack!" Mollie replied.

"How do you know?"

"Because," Mollie said.

"Dear me!" Blanche marveled.

Katherine Mendenhall overtook them.

"We know now," Blanche hastened to assure her.

"Tell me," Katherine demanded.

And they told her just as Sissy Louison, having seen them with their heads together, ran up.

"What is it, girls?" he said eagerly, bending near them. "Tell me too!"

"Oh, nothing," Mollie replied coldly.

But Blanche was more generous.

"We have found out that it's Archie, that's all," she said.

"Nonsense!" Sissy Louison replied. "I know better. It's Jack Lauden—you'll see!" He winked knowingly, and the girls clutched each other, furtively, rapturously. Lauden had made his drive, using a mid-iron on the short hole, and then he took his stand beside Alice to await Haworth's effort. Alice, looking at Haworth, saw that the perspiration was streaming down his face. The autumnal sun had been slanting down on them, but she knew that his warmth had other causes. He teed his ball, and then when about to drive he paused and drew out his handkerchief, wiping the perspiration from his eyes, then scouring his whole face roughly. There was something almost pitiable about it. He made ready again, and was about to swing when a web of gossamer, floating lightly on the October breeze, blew across his face. He puffed at it impotently, but he had to draw out his handkerchief again to wipe it away. There was something ridiculous about it this time. A titter rippled through the group of onlookers, just as Haworth swung. His ball went swishing a little way through the long grass, and stopped. Consequently, in the end, the hole was Lauden's, three to four. The match was half played, and they all turned toward the tee of the tenth hole. Alice overheard Lauden say to Haworth:

"Hard luck, old man."

"Bad playing," Haworth answered, sternly just.

She dropped behind the others, for she felt a sudden need of being alone. The contest, though it was not at all close, was wearing on her nerves. She looked ahead at Lauden, at his broad shoulders, and his fair curly head that sat so firmly upon them. He swung confidently along, a man to admire, as one of those destined to win at everything, and to win easily, gracefully, with a laugh. She had felt the force of his nature in the look of those blue eyes; she had felt it often as they had been turned upon her. As he strode on, chatting with Haworth, her own heart beat rapidly. Once, glancing at him, she saw his profile as he turned to speak to Haworth. She caught her breath. She told herself that she cared nothing especially for his prowess at golf; that, of course, was an inconsequential thing; but it gave her an insight into his character. He was one of those strong, virile men, born to lead, to command, to summon victory. He carried himself in his business just as he did on the links; he was supreme there as well. His men all loved him, and, with that apparently negligent disregard of attire that gave his mode of wearing good clothes its greatest charm, he could go any moment into the works and toil with them. They never had any strikes at the Lauden Company's plant. She remembered that Jack had told her strikes didn't pay. And this was the man who loved her, who had so often told her that he intended to make her his wife. She thrilled under the thought, and glancing at him in that instant she suddenly dropped her eyes and blushed. She gazed, then, far across the links; the little green hills rolled away; the sun lay warm upon them; the little flags that marked the course fluttered smartly; here and there she caught the silver glint of the little stream; the whole valley was filled with the hazy air; gossamers trailed by; far off the motionless forests banked their brilliant colors against the serene sky. As she gazed, tears dimmed her eyes, and a vague unhappiness, a sorrow that was yet an ecstasy, came over her. She felt that this question which had so long troubled her must be settled soon; she could not go through such another winter as the last, with Jack and Archie after her all the time, and ready to fly at each other's throats any moment, yet always maintaining the punctilious truce of gentlemen. Her eye again followed Lauden; he had carelessly dropped his ball on the grass tee, and stood gazing down the course, measuring his distance. He swung his driver once or twice, then switched it in a great arc through the startled air, and sent the ball careering far across the brook. He watched it until it had fallen and ended its long roll; then he turned. His eye caught hers; his white teeth showed in a smile; and she smiled back at him.

But as Haworth stooped to pat his tee into form Alice told herself that she must not admit such considerations now; she must watch and enjoy this match, and she must view it from the unbiased and judicial standpoint of a golfer who hopes that the better man may win. She went forward resolutely and stood beside Mollie Wells and Blanche Norris. Raising her eyes she caught a glimpse of Lauden standing with his muscular arms folded across his broad chest, his driver hanging in one hand. He was standing by the side of MacNeal, who had taught him his game. But Alice checked herself again; she felt that she must not look at Jack now—there would be time enough for that—and again she felt the warm glow within her breast. No, she must watch Haworth. He was rising from his stooping posture and taking his stance. As she looked at him she remembered an evening long ago. . . . It was a pity, she felt; she did hope—it all flashed through her mind in the instant that he was addressing his ball—she did hope that he would win a few holes now, that the match might be more even. His driver sang through the air, and his ball followed Lauden's. He was, of course, a little short, and had to play the odd. His approach was perfect. The gallery applauded. Lauden, in playing the like, fell short; he played one more. Then in two putts each they holed out, but Haworth had won that hole, and Lauden was only three up.

A look of black determination had settled on Haworth's face, and he played the eleventh hole, The Gulch, in that spirit. Lauden had grown careless, and made his first bad drive of the afternoon, going into the bunker. Thus it was that Haworth was playing one off three when his brassie laid him on the green. So he won the hole and Lauden was only two up. He won the twelfth hole almost as easily.

"Nothing can cope with that kind of work, Archie," laughed Lauden.

Alice saw Haworth, as he approached the tee, glare at Lauden's caddie. The boy was leaning idly on the sand-box moulding little tees along its edge.

"Fore, caddie," said Haworth in a low voice as he balanced for his stance.

"Come back here, kid," said Lauden. The caddie obeyed and Haworth began swinging his club lightly back and forth. There was silence. Alice looked at him; she could see the trouble in his eyes; the strain was telling. He drove, and he sliced badly. And Alice felt a vague new trouble in her heart.

"He's off his game, eh, Alice?" said Sissy Louison, using a phrase he had heard.

"No," she replied, "Mr. Lauden's caddie should not have stood where he did."

"Why, he wasn't in the way," said the old beau.

"Psychologically he was, Mr. Louison," replied Alice coldly.

"I thought that he teed too high," said Katherine Mendenhall, who had just then joined them.

"No," said Alice with her expert knowledge, "it wasn't that; he caught it on the toe of his club. It's too bad."

They went down the green, and after playing out of the rough grass beside the course Haworth was still away, and in playing he sclaffed. Lawrence ran over and solicitously replaced the divot. Alice, with her eyes on Haworth, who was waiting beside his ball, felt that if he would only show anger it might aid her own feelings.

"I'd swear if it were I," said Mollie Wells who had halted near her.

"So should I," she replied.

Lauden, about to play, paused coolly and lighted a cigarette. The fragrance of it was blown across to where they stood. Alice caught the odor. The men, sniffing it eagerly, lighted cigarettes themselves. But Alice felt that it would have been more generous in Lauden not to have lighted his cigarette just at that crisis. Lauden's stroke, of course, was perfect; the ball rose, sailed over the hill, fell a foot from the hole and fell dead. He won the hole in three.

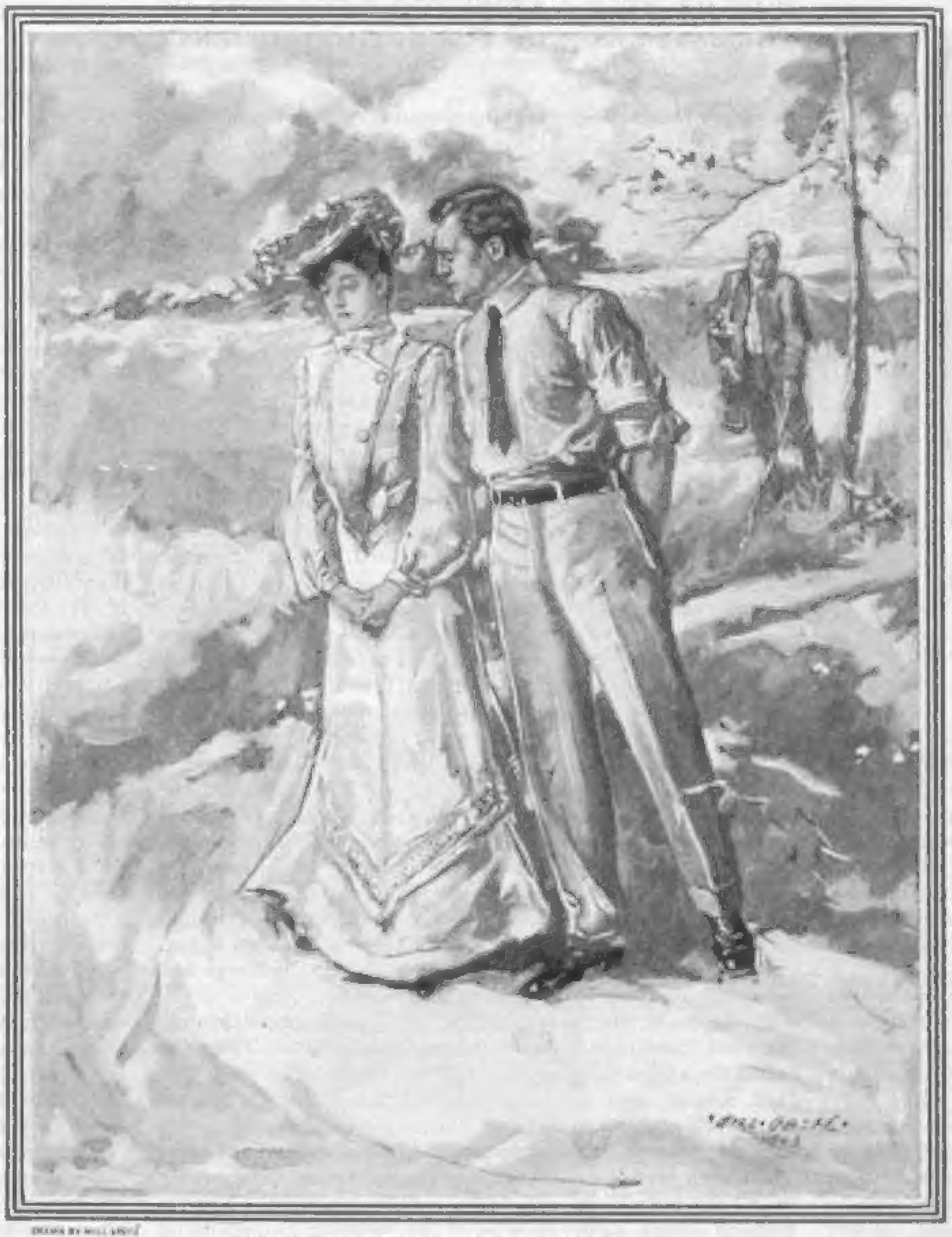
"Two up now," said some one near Alice. Somehow it impressed her sadly, and she knit her brows, wondering why.

They were upon The Veldt now, the long, straight, beautiful hole, five hundred and one yards in length, lying on the uplands, commanding the whole countryside, and swept always by inspiring winds.

"Any one could play golf up here," said Gregory, filling his lungs gladly with the pure air.

Lauden drove and Haworth drove, and their balls lay, white dots, side by side, far down the green, beyond the two-hundred-yard post, and almost to the road. Lauden and Haworth, their drivers over their shoulders, marched side by side like two soldiers, their caddies and the group of enthusiasts following them closely. Once, as he marched, Lauden swung carelessly at the white head of a dandelion which, at a distance, looked so much like a ball; he scattered its down to the winds. He swung as lightly at his ball, and it sped on and on and on, seeming to climb through the air each instant to accelerate its speed. Haworth's brassie was as fine; the gallery applauded. Their approaches were good, and they halved the hole by perfect play.

They were at the fifteenth hole, the one they called The Oaks, because some small trees of that variety grew out of the gully that divided the two little breasts of hills, and the man from whom the grounds were leased would not let them cut the trees down. Here Lauden, for some reason, took his cleek to drive, and for some reason the action affected Alice as had the lighting of the cigarette. The calm and serene assurance of the thing made Haworth's position all the more pitiable. Lauden seemingly had but to slap his ball with the iron to send it to the ravine; there it lay waiting for a mid-iron to place it on the green. But Haworth, too, used an iron, and Alice felt a vicarious embarrassment. He fell short, and in playing the odd he went into the gulch; he played two more with a niblick before he surrendered and dropped back with his penalty. Lauden, of course, won the hole easily. He was two up now, and but three to play.


DRAWN BY WILL [illegible]

"THEN," HE BEGAN, "I MAY—AFTER ALL ——"

"He has a chance, though," some one was saying of Haworth.

"Yes, by winning all three holes," some one else replied.

"Which is just the same as one chance in a thousand," a third observed, almost contemptuously.

"I told you it would be Jack, girls," Alice heard Sissy Louison's voice saying.

The sixteenth hole had an elevated green; behind and all around the ground sloped sharply away from it. It looked like the glacis of a fort, and it served a like purpose. In playing his third shot Haworth overplayed the green. Lauden's approach had been played with his usual accuracy; he had laughed when his ball rolled almost into the hole.

"He's as good as dormie," Alice heard them saying.

Haworth played; his ball by an effort gained the green. He played one more, a long putt that rimmed the cup. Then Lauden carelessly touched his ball; he did not even take his putter to do it; he used the mashie he held in his hand. His ball rattled in the cup, and he had won the hole and the match and the president's cup. A shout rang out, they all clapped their hands, and then began the chatter of their congratulations.

"Will you play the by-holes?" asked Gregory.

Haworth shook his head.

Lauden gave his club to his caddie, and the boy marched proudly in front of the little procession that started across the green toward the clubhouse. Lauden was striding along; beside him strode MacNeal and Lawrence and Gregory, all of them talking volubly, leaning over to look into each other's faces and drive their points home, all of them golfers. The rest followed, eager, enthusiastic, happy, identifying themselves promptly with the victor and the victory.

Haworth was back on the green, alone but for his caddie. The boy looked up into his face and Haworth smiled.

"Well, lad," he said, laying his hand on the boy's head—they had taken to calling the caddies "lad" when MacNeal came among them—"Well, lad, we'll have to be satisfied with our position as runner-up."

"I'd rather caddie for you at that," said the boy, sneering toward the clubhouse.

Haworth laughed and was touched. He started then after the others.

Alice had gone with the crowd, but as they advanced she found herself going ever more slowly. She did not have the joy in the victory she had anticipated. She thought of Haworth and glanced about, but she did not see him. She felt, presently, that he was somewhere back there behind her, alone in defeat. She fell away from the excited gallery. Haworth, looking up, saw that she was lagging far behind the others. She stopped at last, then started on, then turned and started on again. She hesitated in her steps; finally she whirled and faced him. As he looked at her she came back. She met him frankly, her hand outheld.

"I'm awfully sorry, Archie, really I am," she said.

He took her hand and replied:

"Thank you, Alice."

She looked into his face.

"Why, Archie!" she exclaimed. "Don't take it *that* hard!"

He smiled.

"I don't mind the cup; that's nothing; but—you know, Alice, what they've been saying. Of course, it's silly, but it got on my nerves—into my very being. I felt that if I lost the match—I lost ——"

He glanced about. The caddie was moping far behind.

"That's what made it hard," he went on. He bent nearer. She faltered upon the beginning of some speech, then suddenly she looked up at him, and as suddenly her eyes fell.

"I don't think I'd pay much attention to what they all say," she said.

Haworth halted.

"Alice!" he almost cried.

"Don't," she protested. "Be careful."

He was bending over her.

"Then," he began, "I may—after all ——"

She smiled into his eyes, and an ecstasy swam within him.

Side by side, in silence, they walked over to the clubhouse, and on the steps of the piazza Lauden awaited them, surrounded by his admirers. He looked big in his victory.

"Come on, Archie," he called, "come on. There's a bottle waiting for you."

Haworth stepped up with a rare smile.

"I must congratulate you, Jack. I never saw more magnificent golf."

He smiled so readily, and was so fine and generous about it all, that they marveled at the splendid grace with which he took his defeat. But that was for a second only. They all looked again at him, then at Alice standing there beside him. And as they looked at them the pair blushed hotly. Suddenly Lauden's face fell. The throng was breathless an instant, then they all clapped their hands.

"Bonnie shot!" cried Sissy Louison.

And they all burst into laughter.

On the blackboard Lawrence had just written in the blank above the words "Champion 1902":

"Lauden, 3 up 2 to play."

Lauden glanced at the inscription.

"I think," he said slowly, "that I look more like the runner-up—at least to me."

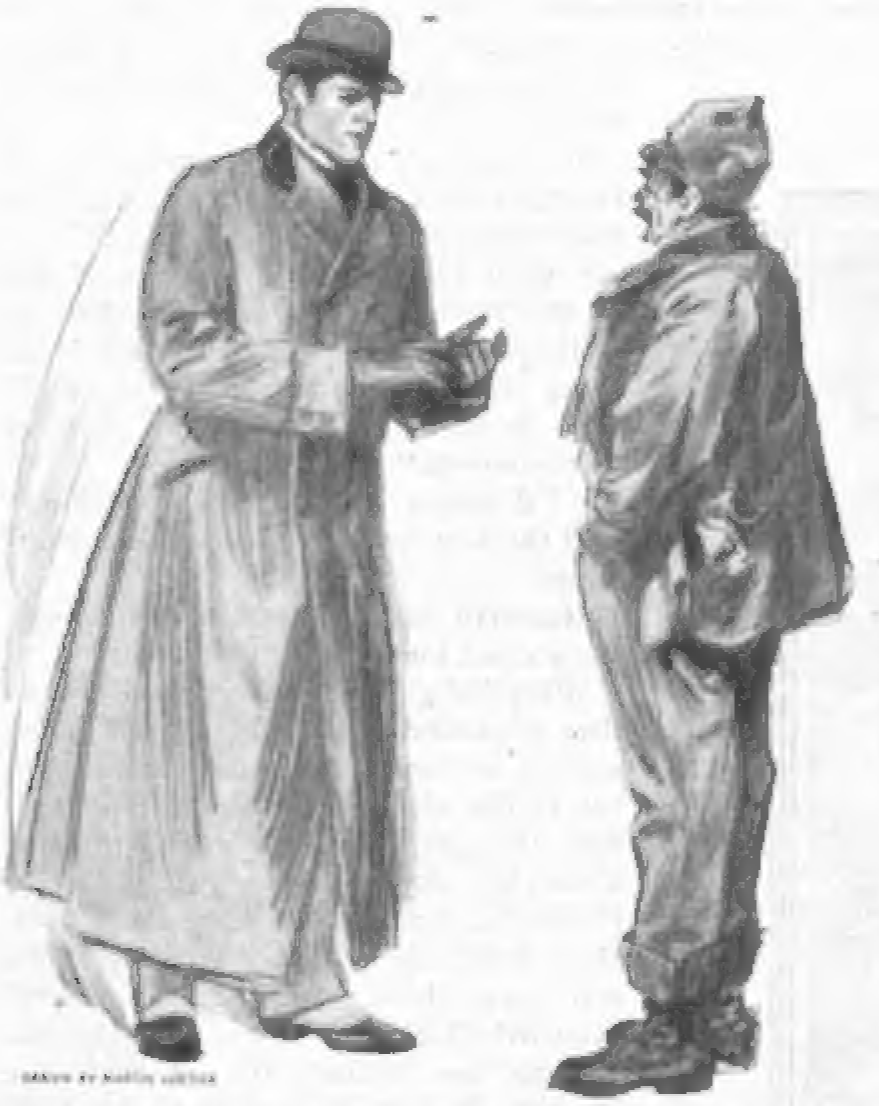
The company had come down from the piazza and were pressing around Haworth and Alice. But she ran from them, Mollie and Blanche and Katherine attending her with a new and intense solicitude. They heard her say on the threshold of the clubhouse:

"Hurry up, Archie; I have my trap; I'll drive you home."

The New Lawyer at Seminole

By Willis Gibson

HOW HE HELD A BRIEF FOR BOTH SIDES OF THE CASE AND WON FOR BOTH HIS CLIENTS



"I THINK YOU ARE THE MAN TO HELP ME WITH A LITTLE JOB I HAVE ON HAND"

ON A CERTAIN December afternoon, in his Chicago office, the General Manager of the West Trunk System opened with a bang the venerable book in which were recorded the holders of the company's annual passes, and, girding himself for a long-deferred work of reform, ran a belligerent eye down its initial page. The first name at which he paused was that of Arlo Crane, mayor of Seminole, Illinois.

Arlo Crane had stood Seminole's mayor sixteen years, but he had held his pass even longer. Back in the pioneer days of the road some now-forgotten director—a friend of Crane—had put his name on the book. It seemed to the General Manager that after half a lifetime of free rides a man ought to be willing to pay fare. He dipped a pen deep into his red-ink well—and all unknowingly into a mess of trouble—and drew a flaming band through Arlo Crane's entry.

New Year's morning, out in Seminole, Mayor Crane entered the post-office, scattering greetings all about him, and blithely sorted his mail in quest of the yellow envelope stamped with the red driving wheel—the trade-mark of the West Trunk—that had so long been wont to await him on that day. When he failed to find the yellow envelope he marched from the post-office quite discomfited, with never a "Happy New Year" for any one. Arlo Crane had seldom actually used his "annual," but he had found it very agreeable nevertheless to take the shiny little card from his wallet occasionally and read that "On Presentation Hereof, Hon. A. Crane Will be Passed Over All Divisions." More than that, a famous dignity had been trod upon; the proudest man in a proud man's town had been cast aside without a line of explanation.

Now in the Seminole Council there was an alderman, Mr. Mink, who was happy only when he was revising the City's laws. On the second Monday in January Alderman Mink chanced to turn his attention to the ordinance under which the West Trunk, to avoid a marsh in the path of its mile-long spur to the plant of the Union Packing Company, had laid one hundred yards of track on D Street, an isolated grade on the western outskirts of town. Mr. Mink wanted this ordinance repealed.

Unwittingly he stumbled upon a time when Mayor Crane, still finding no yellow envelope in his post-office box, had come to regard himself as a much-abused gentleman. In respect to Alderman Mink's project the Mayor felt called upon to address the Council so vigorously concerning the unbridled greed of railways—which, he said, was becoming more than ever apparent of late years—that the Honorable Body, quite carried away, passed the repeal almost unanimously, and by wire gave the West Trunk until the following noon to get its rails up. When upon the arrival of the appointed noon the spur continued intact, Mayor Crane gravely led Seminole's six policemen to D Street. Removing the coupling fish-plates at intervals, the Mayor and his men divided the one hundred yards of trespassing track into half a dozen sections, then with crowbars turned the sections, one after another, bodily upside down.

Next morning—Wednesday—there was a sensation in Seminole. The West Trunk passenger depot, a dingy but comfortable wooden structure, which since the coming of the road had stood, most conveniently, at the point where the tracks crossed busy Broadway, had disappeared. And to the vast crowd of citizens that congregated to gape astounded at its empty foundations the thing remained wholly inexplicable until a young clerk from the window of the near-by freight-house benevolently shouted:

"If it's the passenger depot you folks are looking for, you'll find it at its new location—California Avenue."

The citizens stared incredulous. California Avenue! Why, that was a mile and a half to the eastward, hidden beyond the top of the Long Grade, on the very limits of the city; in fact, California Avenue *was* the city limit. It marked the terminus of the West Trunk's long yard. A part of ill-fated Apple Blossom Addition, which never had been settled, it was really no street at all. There was no grade there, no sidewalks; nothing but rotting surveyors' stakes.

Nevertheless no better explanation appeared; presently the citizens trudged, a doubting cavalcade, to the brow of the Long Grade, and gazed out over the level country beyond.

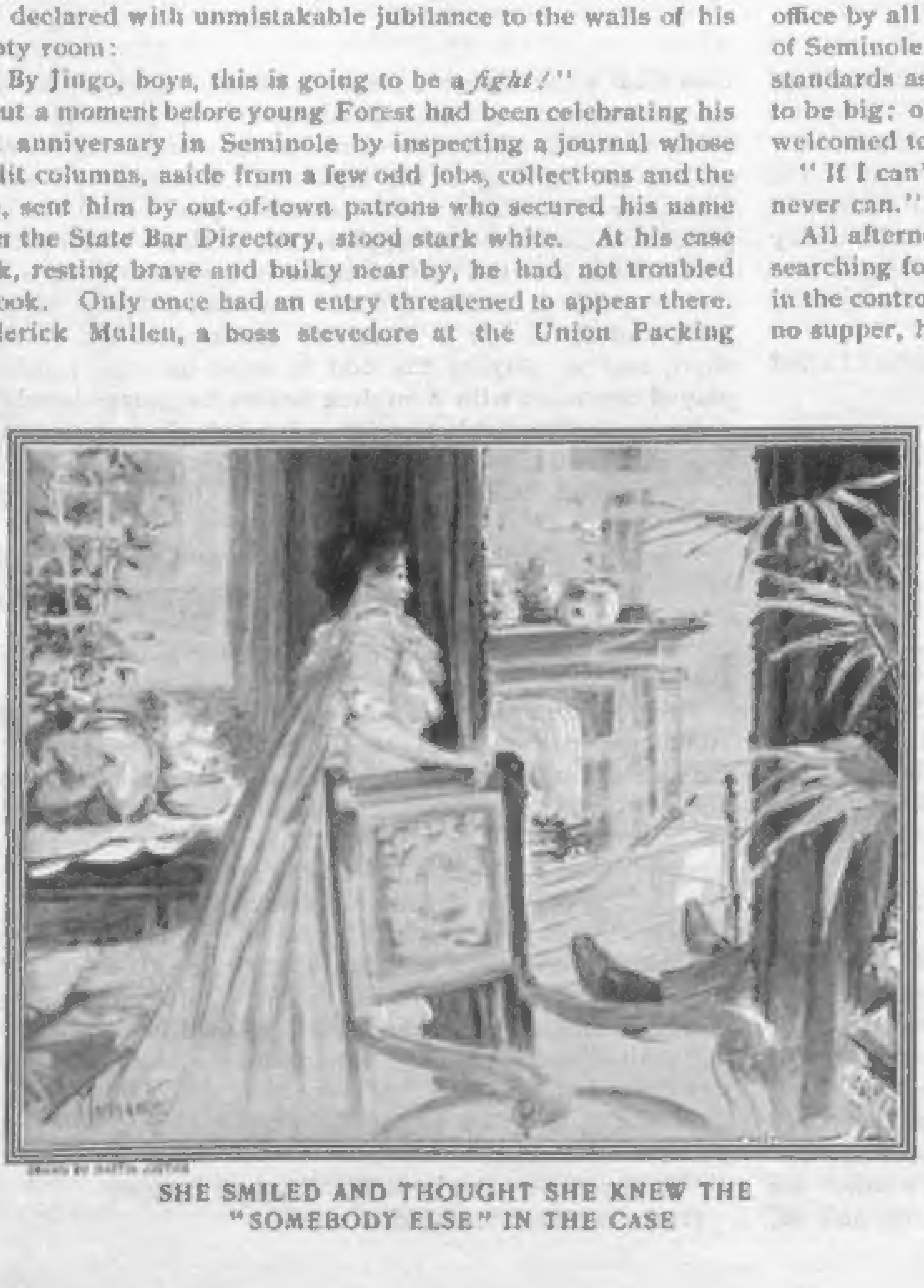
There it was, the old brown depot, just within the borders of forgotten Apple Blossom Addition, still, lonely, like some country way-station, a solitary structure amid a limitless expanse of snow-wrapped meadows. It sat—rude steps rigged to its doors—upon two coupled flat-cars switched out close beside the main track, on the one siding of the yard that extended so far to the east. In the night a gang had come in on a special, moved the depot astride a handy side-track, lifted it high on jackscrews, run the flats beneath it, then towed away cars and depot at the tail of their engine.

That evening's Herald published an interview with the railroad's agent that clinched the matter. As soon as warmer weather permitted, he stated, foundations would be laid for the depot at its new location. Telegraphic business would continue to be transacted at Broadway through the instruments in the freight-house, and the depot, as formerly, would close for the night with the passing of the Omaha Limited at ten, but passenger trains would hereafter stop to discharge and receive passengers only at California Avenue.

Ponderously, then, a monster indignation outspread through decorous Seminole. Early in the afternoon of Thursday handbills appeared announcing for the night, at the City Hall, a mass-meeting to authorize a legal campaign against the West Trunk's scheme of retaliation which before surrender should be carried to the highest courts in the land. Everywhere men read the call with stern faces, grave, determined. In all the town there was but a single exception. Lawyer Richard Forest, junior member of the Seminole bar, scanning the handbill in his Broadway office, got on his feet abruptly, and declared with unmistakable jubilance to the walls of his empty room:

"By Jingo, boys, this is going to be a *fight!*"

But a moment before young Forest had been celebrating his first anniversary in Seminole by inspecting a journal whose credit columns, aside from a few odd jobs, collections and the like, sent him by out-of-town patrons who secured his name from the State Bar Directory, stood stark white. At his case book, resting brave and bulky near by, he had not troubled to look. Only once had an entry threatened to appear there. Roderick Mullen, a boss stevedore at the Union Packing Plant, because he had not been invited to the Erin Club's ball, had jovially taken possession of the Armory, where the affair was to occur, and held it, the only guest, until morning. Legal clouds that overhung the stevedore in consequence, Forest, by some diplomacy and much handshaking, had cleared away. Ungratefully, Mr. Mullen has so far neglected to pay his fee.



SHE SMILED AND THOUGHT SHE KNEW THE "SOMEBODY ELSE" IN THE CASE

Forest had chosen Seminole for his first office on information—imparted by a former college chum professing to know the Middle West—that the town had "ten thousand well-fed citizens, no end of prosperous businesses, and no one to manage its litigations save a dozen gentle old judges whose desks stand knee-deep with year-old matters. The town," Forest's friend asserted, "is sound asleep, just waiting for a hustler to wake it up."

Forest had not come to Seminole a green hand. For the preceding two years he had been well connected with the legal department of a great Chicago corporation. Also, he had grit, ambition, a plucky young wife, and a comfortable bread-and-butter fund.

But Seminole, so he immediately found, if sound asleep, was loath to be awakened. Essentially an old man's town, long-settled, slow-going, cautious, it cherished the old ways of business. After a generation of attorneys who stalked to their offices solemn and preoccupied, their chins bowed upon their cravats, Seminole could not take seriously this new lawyer Forest who went about cheerfully, and who on Sunday afternoons took his wife on brisk tramps out into the country—a very schoolboy's recreation.

Little wonder, then, that Forest waxed enthusiastic over the handbill of the mass-meeting. He saw between its lines the chance he had so long awaited to force himself before Seminole's drowsy eye. Inevitably in the oncoming legal conflict easy-going Colonel Van Duzee, the City Attorney, and tranquil Judge Henty, the West Trunk's local counsel, would crave lieutenants by the dozen; Forest purposed to enlist. Once getting a foothold—no matter on which side—he would see to it that he made himself felt.

And forthwith he confidently set out from his office to make the opening move in the game.

"I shall need assistants, yes," said Colonel Van Duzee for the town. "But I fear"—he was wholly sincere—"that this is a task for us grayheads. I am inviting, outside of our city, veteran jurists of Quincy and Springfield to join me. If I may say so, my dear Forest, I hardly think your residence in Illinois has been sufficient to give you the familiarity with local conditions which seems to me necessary in these proceedings."

On much the same grounds Judge Henty for the railroad felt himself unable "consistently to recommend" Forest to his superiors.

Denied by plaintiff and defendant, Forest regained his office by all known standards finally separated from the case of Seminole vs. the West Trunk. But Forest threw known standards aside. He had made no mistake. The fight was to be big; outsiders, lawyers from distant towns, were being welcomed to it.

"If I can't make good here *now*," Forest told himself, "I never can."

All afternoon he paced his office floor, thinking, thinking, searching for a way by which he might still involve himself in the controversy. Telephoning his wife that he should want no supper, he went on with the struggle until the shuffling of many feet over the Broadway walks reminded him of the night's mass-meeting. Thinking to find some inspiration there, he joined the crowd.

The meeting stood a belligerent unit. Rousing speeches followed fast one upon another. Colonel Van Duzee told at length of his plans. But Forest lost interest. His eye wandering presently fell upon a commanding old man at the back of the audience, a stranger in Seminole. On a sudden he placed him.

Then with the recollection the idea for which he had been searching all afternoon and evening abruptly gripped him. The bare scheme, bold, fantastic even, swiftly grew big within him. Details—vague, chimerical, immature—resolved themselves into a semblance of practicability. While Colonel Van Duzee was still speaking Forest struck off for home.

His wife was waiting up for him.

"Oh, Dick," she greeted him eagerly, "what about the big case, the trouble with the railroad? To-night's Herald said that every lawyer in Seminole was to take some part in it. But your name wasn't there. You're in the case, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Forest grimly. "Yes, I'm in it."

"Oh, I knew the paper was wrong," she cried gladly. "Which side are you on?"

"Both," replied the lawyer.

Distracted though it was by the excitement of the railroad squabble, Seminole still found time to marvel at Lawyer Forest's puzzling activity through the next day. It was rumored that he had got a case. It was rumored that he had abandoned the law and was looking for a job. The town as a whole could make nothing of it.

Between breakfast and luncheon he inspected the register of the Valley House; called on Captain Hogarth, the retired civil engineer, and with him pottered for an hour over great maps of the county; visited the City Hall, and, much to the Recorder's disgust, insisted that the City's copy of the West Trunk's local franchise be dragged from the vault for his inspection; closeted himself with each of the town's real-estate dealers; interviewed the officers of the Union Packing Company. Immediately after luncheon he rented a team and cutter, and by a most unfrequented route, with many stops, drove ten miles north to Cannon Rapids, made a few inquiries there, then returned to Seminole in season for supper.

At eight o'clock that evening Forest called upon Mayor Arlo Crane at his residence. The Mayor, mildly surprised—the pair had met but once before—received the lawyer in his library. He had just lit a cigar; he offered Forest one.

"Mayor Crane," began Forest directly, "I want you—for the City—to give me the contract to bring about an immediate and peaceful settlement of the controversy between Seminole and the West Trunk System."

The Mayor, quite taken aback, rose to his feet.

"Peace! settlement!" he vociferated. "I am astonished, Mr. Forest. We, the people of Seminole, are for war. We are in want of warriors, sir, not peacemakers. And," he continued brusquely, "supposing for the moment that I wished a peacemaker, do you not think that it should be my privilege to call him to me, at my own time?"

"My position here to-night," rejoined Forest quietly, "is that of the man who comes before you with an asphalt pavement to sell—who believes he has something that you, standing for the City, can use. From what I have learned to-day I know a settlement such as I have in mind to be valuable—vital even—to both town and railroad. I believe I have plans and information to enable me, acting for both sides, to effect that settlement. My services I proffer on a business basis."

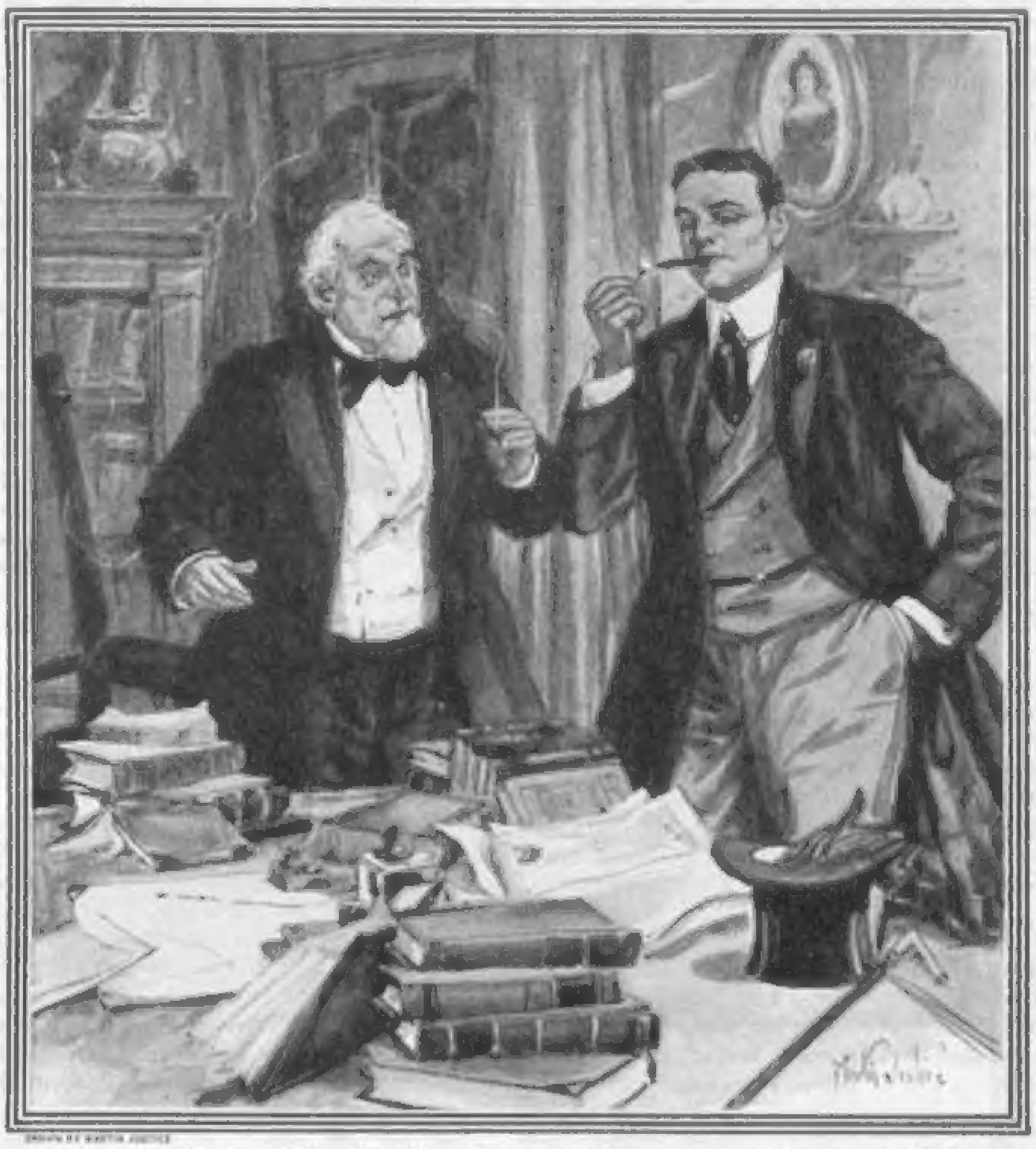
Mayor Crane doubtfully sank again into his chair and took a fresh grip on his cigar.

"Well, well," he assented stiffly, "what is it you wish to propose, then?"

"Before I propose anything," answered Forest, "I want to tell you what some of those things I learned to-day were. This morning I looked a bit into the West Trunk's rights here. I had the City's copy of their franchise brought out. From the cobwebs on its outside and the wording within it was easy to see that no one in Seminole had consulted that paper for a good many years. It was equally plain that the railroad had consulted its copy very lately. The franchise defines the West Trunk's yard property as bounded by Terrace Street on the west and California Avenue on the east—we all know that, of course. But afterward it goes on to say that the railroad 'shall be permitted, at whatsoever point or points within those yards it may find convenient, to locate and erect depots and other necessary buildings.' Well, Mayor Crane, the West Trunk finds it convenient now to locate its passenger depot at California Avenue—quite as convenient there as at Broadway. And how are we going to get around it by law? The arrangement is very inconvenient for Seminole, no doubt. But where is there anything in the franchise about Seminole's convenience?"

The Mayor frowned thoughtfully at the floor, his cigar smouldering unnoticed in one limp hand.

"Possibly," argued Forest, "after years of litigation the City's counselors will quash that franchise. But, in the mean time, our real-estate men tell me, attracted by the depot, an undesired addition to Seminole will spring up in the Apple Blossom neighborhood. Particularly a new, cheap business district will grow up there. Broadway businesses will lose trade, properties will stand idle. That compactness of the city which now holds real estate so high will be disrupted. Indeed, the change has already begun. In my rounds of the real-estate offices I learned of a dozen options secured by out-of-town parties on lots near the depot."



"I WANT YOU—FOR THE CITY—TO GIVE ME THE CONTRACT TO BRING ABOUT AN IMMEDIATE AND PEACEFUL SETTLEMENT"

The Mayor still frowned thoughtfully. His cigar burnt out.

"Also," Forest proceeded after a silence, "I called this morning on the Union Packing Company people. I found them discussing offers of sites and bonuses from three cities down the State. The Union people told me—their tone was not threatening, only businesslike—that the closing of their spur was causing them teaming of products, extra handling and delay that they could not afford. I suppose," mused the lawyer, "that the trade of those three hundred families that go with the plant will be worth a good deal to whichever city the company chooses."

"Don't say any more," the Mayor abruptly protested. "I know what you're leading to. You want to make out that the City did wrong in cutting the D Street spur. Well—you've told me some very disturbing things, I'll say that. And, well," he hesitated, "I will admit, in strict confidence, that the spur matter may have been ill-advised—I say may have been, mind you. But even so——"

"Supposing," interrupted Forest sharply, hastening to grip his opportunity, "that the West Trunk depot were returned to Broadway, would you sanction the reopening of the packing-house spur?"

"Yes," returned the Mayor slowly, "I would. But," he objected, fast getting command of himself again, "for you to persuade the railroad to that I should first have to raise the white flag. I am a proud man, Mr. Forest—an old man—I cannot make the first move toward peace. I cannot allow you to repeat the admissions I have made."

"But," persisted Forest, "if I find that I can bring about the return of the depot without violating your conditions, shall I proceed?"

"Yes," answered Mayor Crane, "I am safe in agreeing to that—you have set for yourself an impossible task."

Nevertheless, in the uncomfortable hour between three and four Saturday morning Forest quite cheerfully rose, in a hack jolted out the rude trail that had been broken to California Avenue, and took train for Chicago to call upon Mr. Roswell Gregory, president of the West Trunk System.

In the West Trunk's offices it took Forest some time to get from the president's anteroom to the president's private office, but when at length he scaled the bulwarks of red tape he found behind them a heavy-set man, cordial, good-humored, open to reason. As Forest advanced his settlement project he saw he had Mr. Gregory interested. At length the president remarked with a chuckle:

"It's new—the lawyer turning peacemaker—but I don't know but what there's something in it. Go ahead now—what is it you want me to do?"

"I want you to consent," answered Forest frankly, "to the return of the Seminole passenger depot to Broadway, on condition that I secure the reopening of the packing-house spur."

To prove that action in the spur matter must be speedy or not at all, Forest told of his visit to the packing-house. Then he proceeded to facts tending to show that the depot's early presence at Broadway was equally urgent.

"In the crowd at the anti-West Trunk mass-meeting at Seminole," he narrated, "I saw Mr. L. W. Butler, president of the 'K' Route. I worked here in Chicago at one time in the building where the 'K' has its office; Mr. Butler had been pointed out to me often. It came to me that night that his line lay only ten miles away—to the north. I wondered if he was not planning to reap the benefit of Seminole's squabble with the West Trunk by running a branch into the heart of the town. In the morning I looked about a bit; I found his name on the register of the Valley House. With him was Mr. D. Reed, whom the Railway Guide places as the 'K's' chief engineer."

"But," objected Gregory, puzzled, "they can't get into Seminole. There's a rocky, ridgy country to the north there that would eat up a million dollars a mile."

"Well," answered Forest, "I didn't know anything about that then, and I asked Captain Hogarth, an old engineer in Seminole, what would be the 'K's' likeliest route. At first the Captain said there was no way through those ridges you speak of, but finally, studying over his maps, on the theory that easy grades are to be found along the banks of watercourses, we hit upon a route. Yesterday afternoon I drove over it—by following Coon Creek out of Seminole, got north *into* the rough country, made a portage there of perhaps ten rods to the Cannon River, and following the Cannon got on north and *out* of the rough country to the line of the 'K' at Cannon Rapids station. Asking from farmhouse to farmhouse, I found that Mr. Butler and another man—Reed undoubtedly—had been over the same route, going in the opposite direction, the day before. They had a team and cutter, but ranged over most of the ground on foot, and gave some ten hours to the job. Of the 'K's' intentions you, of course, are the judge, but I can say that if they do come in, no matter if they give the Seminole folks nothing better than box-cars to ride in, the West Trunk might as well cross Seminole off its map."

"I'm obliged to you," Gregory assured Forest heartily, after the two had talked for a half-hour more, "for calling on me. I don't mind telling you, between ourselves, that if I had known about that hole in the hills the Seminole depot would be at Broadway to-day. But now the thing's done we must stand by it. Should we back down at Seminole a dozen of our towns who fancy they have grievances would promptly go at us. If you can reopen the packing-house spur we'll consent to the return of the depot. But we can't make the first move. If you can swing your settlement in view of those conditions, go ahead."

"The situation," explained Forest to his wife that night, "is this: Mayor Crane wants peace, is willing to pay for it, but his pride is in the way; he won't move first. President Gregory wants peace, is willing to pay for it, but principles intervene; *he* won't move first. There's just one way out of it: somebody else will have to make that first move."

When from time to time during Sunday Nellie Forest looked in upon her husband as he sat in his den scowling through a fog of tobacco-smoke, piecing together ideas that had come to him at the mass-meeting, at the Mayor's, on the train returning from Chicago, she smiled and thought she knew the "somebody else" in the case.

Forest's Monday morning did not much smack of action—at California Avenue a thoughtful survey of the old brown depot sitting forlorn and uncomfortable upon its flat-cars; a chat inside with the ticket clerk; a tramp down the railroad yard and out the packing-house spur to D Street; a leisurely inspection there of the sections of track lying capsized and melancholy by the roadside.

But when abruptly the whistle of the packing-house outburst tumultuous in the twelve o'clock call there was a change. Hurrying over the remainder of the spur Forest entered the plant yard, and from the crowd of nooning hands sought out his neglectful client, the hero of the Erin Club ball, Roderick Mullen.

"Mullen," said Forest bluntly, "from a financial standpoint I can't say much for you. But, just the same, I think you are the man to help me with a little job I have on hand. I want a live man—and I know you're that."

"Now, your honor," expostulated Mullen, "every day I've had that little indebtedness on my mind."

"Well," returned Forest dryly, "now is your chance to square up. Can you pick out of the plant here, do you think, thirty husky men who are keen for a bit of overtime and won't gossip, and have them outside the main gate at half-past ten to-night? And can you, by the same hour, get together two dozen crowbars, some big wrenches, a batch of lanterns, and say fifty feet of stout rope?"

"Is it a burglary or a lynching that you want us for, sir?" inquired Mullen with a grin.

"It's a job worth ten dollars to you, and two apiece to the other boys," answered the lawyer crisply. "It'll be a worthy work."

"But we don't want any one to catch us at it; I see, sir," commented the stevedore sympathetically. "Well," he decreed after meditation, "I think I can arrange it."

It was very dark and very cold that night in Seminole—wintry enough to keep the town's four night-policemen on duty about the redhot stove at headquarters. Forest, swinging westward between rows of close-shuttered houses shortly after ten, noticed with satisfaction that he was the only man abroad. But he was still better pleased, upon arriving before the packing-house gate, to have a huge shape suddenly rise up betwixt him and the murky sky, and remark in the cheery voice of Mr. R. Mullen:

"I have the paraphernalia all assembled, sir, and the pirates as well—thirty of them shivering by the fence there."

"Well," responded Forest briskly, "we'll give them something to warm them up."

Mysteriously from out the gloom a whispering group of brawny spectres appeared, burdened with vague accoutrements that jostled with muffled clinkings, and in a moment more Forest had them stumbling away from the plant between the dimly-seen rails of the famous D Street spur.

At D Street Forest halted the party and ordered lanterns lit.

"Mullen," he directed, "pick out the twenty strongest men here."

When this had been accomplished after fierce whispered discussion, he continued:

"The ten who are left will take all the lanterns but two, half the crowbars, and the wrenches, and stay here under Mullen. It will be your job, Mullen, to put this packing-house spur into commission. Here"—Forest raised a lantern high—"is your track right convenient—save that it's bottom up—in six sections. And here, in a pile"—he swung his lantern over another spot—"are your fish-plates, bolts and nuts. Right the sections, work them into place with your 'bars—the wind's swept the ground clear here; you can see by the grooves the ties left where the track was originally—then couple up with the fish-plates."

"In other words," hazarded the boss stevedore, "you want us to do just what the policemen did, only backward."

"Exactly. But be sure of this—don't start work until twelve by the City Hall bell. Now," Forest turned to the picked twenty, "you strong chaps gather up all the stuff the other fellows aren't needing and come with me."

Cautiously, with lanterns out, Forest led his detachment, across open fields, on a great detour about the northern outskirts of the town, to bring it to a halt before the West Trunk passenger depot standing dark and deserted upon the Apple Blossom meadows, the ticket clerk long since departed, rising into the night there a vague, grotesque bulk, solitary, abandoned. Ahead the yard lay silent, empty, showing never a light anywhere save the reds and greens of the switch lamps, and the yellow glint that marked the window of the telegraph office in the freight-house a mile and more away.

"Our job," Forest advised his followers, "will be to put this depot back at Broadway—starting at twelve. If any of you fellows haven't been up here in daylight, I'll say the depot's on wheels—on flat-cars—and this siding it's on stands clear all the way downtown—hasn't been used since the depot's blocked this end. There aren't any telegraph wires to bother us—the company hasn't rigged them into the depot yet." These things Forest had learned in his morning's chat with the ticket clerk. "It'll simply be a question of hard pulling and keeping quiet about it."

The lanterns lighted for a moment, the stairs to the depot's doors were loosened, and the stout rope Mullen had provided made fast to the head coupling of the forward flat-car. Half of the packers, with Forest, manned the cable. The rest, with crowbars, took station by the trucks of the flats. Things were barely ready when the City Hall bell laboriously began its midnight task.

The men at the rope bent their backs. The men by the trucks put the points of their 'bars behind the wheels, and pried. With a gleeful squeal from the wheel bearings beneath, the West Trunk passenger depot departed—gradually—from California Avenue.

Over the half-mile level between the Avenue and the top of the Long Grade the pace was sluggish, halting; a foot, an inch at a time—a tireless, interminable heaving and tugging and prying. There were no sounds save the panting of the men, the crisp crackling of their boots over the brittle snow-crust, and now and then the sharp clangor of a crowbar falling across a rail. But the packers reveled in the enterprise. "Hallowe'en in the winter-time," they called it. And once over the brow of the grade the real work was done. The flats began to move for themselves; presently it became necessary to set a brake.

No trains swept in from the east or west. Seminole folks slept on in their shuttered houses. No inquiring head appeared in the operator's window. Nobody watched the depot on its stubby train stealing down the long siding through the frosty night save the blinking eyes of the switch lamps.

Nobody else saw the depot come to a stop at two o'clock Tuesday morning, squarely opposite its abandoned foundations at the Broadway crossing.

To the aid of Roderick Mullen, then, Forest hurried his party. But when he arrived at D Street the boss stevedore proudly greeted him:

"Sure, sir, I'm in the wrong business; I was simply born for this track-laying."

"All done?" asked Forest.

"Complete," returned Mullen.

A lantern in either hand Forest had a look around. But Mullen had been justly proud. The missing sections of the spur had been replaced with real skill.

"You started at twelve?" Forest questioned him finally.

"At the first tap of the bell," Mullen assured him.

At seven o'clock, on Broadway, Forest and Mayor Crane stood talking. Before them the West Trunk depot, the prodigal, loomed black and bulky against the sun-flooded east.

"And so," Forest was saying, "I made the first move myself. I didn't move for one side before the other; both works began simultaneously, at midnight. Haven't you got your depot back without having to ask for it? In reopening the spur didn't I stand on your agreement? Do you see where the railroad has got any the better of the town?"

"Why, no," responded the Mayor, beaming long at the depot. "Why no, I don't know as I do."

Already Forest, by telegraph, had asked similar questions—with appropriate alterations—of President Gregory.

But Gregory was long in replying. Toward noon Forest started from his office for the freight-house to see if any message had come in over the railroad wires. But gaining the street he halted.

Squarely in front of the depot, blocking Broadway, lay the Omaha Express. It was no moment's stop for orders. The engine stood immobile, at rest, its boiler steaming and humming comfortably, the measured exhausts of its air-pump purring deliberate in the stack. The engineer was out of the cab with his oil can. From the mail-and-baggage car pouches and trunks were being unloaded. Passengers were stepping off the platforms of the coaches.

"I guess," commented Forest, "that settles that."

Two days later the lawyer, in his office, from two checks was making these entries in his journal:

To West Trunk System.	
In re "Settlement Proceedings."	
Services, ...	$250.00
Expense, labor, etc., pro rata, ...	40.00
To City of Seminole.	
In re Do.	
Services, ...	250.00
Expense, labor, etc., pro rata, ...	40.00

When he had done his eye fell upon his spotless case book. "Keep up your courage, old chap," he murmured with a friendly pat. "I'm better known here than I was. I think the next row I tackle I'll handle through the court-house."

As Forest spoke, shouts, hoarse and alarming, penetrated his tight-shut windows. But Forest smiled at them; it was only the foreman of the railroad gang superintending the descent of the depot from its flat-cars.

Money King's of the World

Some European Potentates

By W. T. Stead

EUROPE, according to the Almanach de Gotha, is governed by the Czar and the Kaiser, Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, the Kings of Italy and of Spain, and the President of the French Republic. The minor monarchs of the smaller kingdoms need not be enumerated. But the Crédit Lyonnais is more potent in France than M. Loubet. M. Witte overshadows the throne in Russia. The Pope with his millions at the Vatican is more powerful than his Royal neighbor at the Quirinal, and in Germany the Kaiser would be powerless without his financiers.

Of all the Money Kings of Europe by far the most conspicuous and by far the most powerful is the Russian Minister of Finance. He is the modern Joseph of the Muscovite Pharaoh. He, more than any modern statesman, has realized the sovereignty of money. The Imperial sceptre, backed by its army of millions of armed men, is to him almost as much an anachronism as the blunderbuss. When he wishes to annex a province he does it not by a soldier but by a banker. When he wishes to consolidate the power of the Government he does it not by freeing the press or by conceding parliamentary institutions, but by consolidating great industries, monopolizing national trade, until people begin to wonder whether any property will be left in Russia that is not owned and administered by the State. But M. Witte's astonishing exploits in converting the historic Empire of the Romanoff into an immense monopoly of the means both of production and of distribution have been dealt with in these columns by another pen. So with this brief allusion to the most remarkable and significant of the Money Kings of the Old World, I proceed with a rapid survey of our other potentates and millionaires.

There are many millionaires in Russia, but the autocracy is too strong for them even to aspire to convert it into a plutocracy. Some of the Russian nobles are immensely rich, but their wealth gives them no direct voice in the affairs of the State. The merchant millionaire and the Siberian mine owner have no ambition to wield political power. Many of them can hardly sign their names and many of them prefer the primitive abacus to the multiplication table. Yet they are not without public spirit.

There is only one other case on record, I believe, of a multimillionaire with anything like Mr. Rhodes' wealth leaving all his fortune for public purposes. That instance occurred in Russia just a year before Mr. Rhodes' death. The testator, M. G. G. Solodoonikoff, was a Moscow millionaire, who had made his immense fortune chiefly by colossal speculations on the Bourse, and partly by the immense appreciation which has taken place in the value of real property in Russia. He was one of the largest shareholders in the Moscow-Archangel Railway prior to its purchase by the Crown, and made enormous profits out of this railway. M. Solodoonikoff was also the biggest shareholder in the Moscow-Kazan Railway. He held shares in so many different undertakings that it was said the handling of coupons alone gave constant employment to ten clerks. M. Solodoonikoff was a miser. He lived in a dilapidated two-storied little house surrounded by rotting furniture. He lived a life almost altogether locked up in himself, spending nearly all day at home and half of it in a dressing-gown. He had been abroad and knew Western European life; and like Mr. Rhodes had journalistic ambitions, once actually going so far as to buy the Russian Illustrated Gazette. He carried on negotiations with various journalists, and had arranged everything, when on the day the contracts were to be signed he drew back, fearing the risk of losing a few thousand rubles. Moscow perpetually rang with anecdotes of the penuriousness and at the same time of the extraordinary business capacity of Solodoonikoff. Toward the end of his life he aged rapidly, and was fond of sitting in his ancient saloon telling his visitors of the celebrities who had sat on his dirty, threadbare sofa.

M. Solodoonikoff apparently had never done any good in his life. But he was determined, nevertheless, that his wealth should not be spent unproductively after his death. When the will was opened it was found that he had left his immense fortune, estimated at from about 40,000,000 rubles, or 30,000,000 dollars, to 100,000,000 rubles, or 75,000,000 dollars, to public purposes. His property was to be realized in the course of the next ten or fifteen years, and after payment of a few small legacies of from $25,000 to $150,000 to relations and friends, the whole was left to the public. The millions were to be divided into three equal parts, the first portion to be spent on the building of secondary schools for girls on the model of the Female Gymnasium in the town of Orloff; the

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Editor's Note—This is the seventh paper in Mr. Stead's series. The eighth and concluding paper will appear in an early number.

second third to be spent on industrial training schools for men and women, the building and organization of which was to be left to the Zemstvos or County Councils; the third part on the building of cheap lodgings for the working-class

Curiously enough, almost on the same day died another Moscow millionaire, K. T. Soldatenkoff, a neighbor, co-shareholder and benefactor like Solodoonikoff. But, whereas Solodoonikoff has left his millions to charity after his death, Soldatenkoff had spent his in good works during his life, and had gained the name of the best man in Moscow.

In Austria the most notable of millionaires was the late Baron Hirsch, who made most of his money building railways in the Balkans and in speculation on the Bourse. He was reputed, erroneously, no doubt, to have financed the Prince of Wales. But it is true that his immense wealth gave him a position in Austria to which no Jew but a Rothschild had previously dared to aspire. Like the Moscow millionaires his chief renown arose from his benefactions. There is something magnificent in a bequest of $15,000,000 given by one of the richest of the sons of Israel to improve the condition of his poorer compatriots. It is to be regretted that, although Baron Hirsch's intentions were of the best, the application of the enormous sum has by no means realized the hope of the munificent founder

Another famous Jew who made millions in railway construction was M. Jean Bloch, the eminent Warsaw banker and political economist. M. Bloch, although influential as a money king, was much better known by his writings, and especially by his prophetic encyclopædic work on the Future of War. M. Bloch was a statesman and a seer as well as a great railway builder and financier. He spent his money lavishly in the promotion of his ideas, and on his death he left large sums to be devoted to public charities and to the education of girls

In Scandinavia the manufacture of dynamite gave Alfred Nobel an almost regal position. The dynamite king abstained during his life from taking any part in public affairs, but on his death he left a fortune of $10,000,000 to found prizes to be distributed annually in lump sums of about $40,000 each to the five persons who have rendered best service to their fellow-men. The Nobel prizes are awarded annually, first, to the man who has made the most important discovery in the domain of physical science; secondly, to the man who has made the most important discovery or introduced the greatest improvement in chemistry; thirdly, to the author of the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or medicine; fourthly, to the man who has produced the most remarkable literary work of an idealistic nature; and fifthly, to the man who has done the most and the best work for the fraternity of the nations, the suppression or reduction of standing armies, and the formation and propagation of peace congresses.

It is worth while to record the testimony of this master of many millions as to the evil of inherited wealth. Speaking shortly before his death he said: "I am a thorough Social Democrat, but with moderation. Experience has taught me that great fortunes acquired by inheritance never bring happiness; they only dull the faculties. Any man possessing a large fortune ought not to leave more than a small part of it to his heirs, not even to his direct heirs—just enough to make their way in the world"

In Denmark the only money king is Jacobsen, the brewer. Jacobsen I presented to the State or spent in scientific or philanthropic purposes about five million dollars. The Carlsberg fund which he founded celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in 1901, when his son, Jacobsen II, handed over the famous brewery, the source of all their wealth, to the fund, only reserving for himself and his family one-third of the income for fifty years. Jacobsen also presented Copenhagen with the largest private collection of sculpture in the world, the estimated value of which was not less than three million dollars.

I shall say nothing about the money kings of France, who, although they are personally of small account, are collectively omnipotent, nor of the wealthiest nobleman in Spain, who is almost the only aristocrat who has displayed great financial and business capacity; nor shall I even dwell on the Pope, whose exchequer is fed by the offerings of the faithful all over the world. I will proceed at once to the German Empire

The rapid growth of the money power in modern Germany dates from the Franco-German war. When the victorious legions of the newly-proclaimed German Emperor came home, bringing with them the war indemnity of a thousand million dollars, the whole nation flung itself into industrial pursuits.

The distinctive features of the evolution of German industry are due to the men who led the advance, and most of all to the measures which a paternal government took to purge the economic body of the young Empire of impurities which tended to imperil the reputation of the German nation. The fate of German *banquiers* who ventured to experiment with the stringent company law of their country offers a curious and instructive contrast to that of similar speculators in England and America. And in this contrast lies one of the secrets of the standing which German commercial and financial giants enjoy at the present time among nations. The thoroughness and many-sidedness of German education, the close union between German commerce and science, have done much to enable her to dispute the commercial supremacy of Great Britain

After the Franco-German war the establishment of a central banking institution for the whole country removed many barriers to free commercial relations. The Imperial Bank of Germany (Deutsche Reichsbank) is, strictly speaking, only a local institution, which, like the Bank of England, Banque de France and nearly all other national banks of issue, is unable to establish branches outside its immediate sphere of activity. As Prussia was the predominant partner in the young Empire, it was only natural that the leading banking institution of the closer confederation of the various states should spring from the State Bank of Prussia, or as it was called, the Royal Prussian Haupt-bank. The directorate of this old established company was partly nominated by the Government, which a few months before the outbreak of the Franco-German war promoted to that body a young lawyer named Richard Koch, who was born at Kattbus in Brandenburg thirty six years previously. He had at that time a distinguished record behind him, having been appointed an assistant judge before he was thirty-two, and acting as secretary to a Royal commission which deliberated on the Prussian Civil Code from 1868 to 1870. The eventful years following the establishment of a united Empire led to far-reaching changes in every sphere of public life, and when the new Reichsbank had overcome the initial difficulties of the gold standard it soon directed its attention to the growing needs of the commercial community, which by means of the new currency had attained a much more important position in the world's trade. The introduction of a modern banking and credit system was one of the earliest requirements, and when the directorate in 1876 decided upon the adoption of the English method of checks and "clearing" Director Koch was invited to assist in the carrying out of the reform. It may be mentioned here that his plan of checks taking to a very large extent the place of banknotes, and thereby acting in relief of the issuing bank, has never yet been fully realized. The German trade, both large and small, prefers ready money in the shape of cash or notes to the check, which, with its greater security in transmission, only ranks as money after it has passed through the "clearing house." Herr Koch became vice-president of the Reichsbank eleven years after he had joined its board, and at the death of its first president, Herr von Dechend, he assumed the direction of the institution.

If the Reichsbank played an important part in the growth and development of the national credit of Germany, the financial foundations of the Empire were certainly laid by the banking firm of S. Bleichroder, which dates back to the early days of the nineteenth century, but which became important only when it was connected with the Rothschilds, whom it has represented in the capital of Prussia since the twenties Gerson Bleichroder, the son of the founder of the firm, whom he succeeded in 1855 at the age of thirty-three, soon gained the friendship of Prince Bismarck and assisted the Government in several important financial operations which preceded the wars of 1864 and 1866 against Denmark and Austria. The success of the Prussian State Railways is largely due to the skill by which the acquisition and the building of new lines were carried out.

(Continued on Page 21)

Free-Born

By Thornton Sherburne Hardy

Who is hill-born is free-born:
He will never learn
To count his steps by garden lengths,
His prayers by the bell.
He will grow careless of his ease,
Impatient of the fat, forgetful face of Nature
Satisfied,
The smug propriety, the trim content
Of bordered walks and barbered turf;
He will be always casting up the wind,
Faint for the voices of the waters warring,
Eager for the rude Northern airs,
The sheer ascent;
Eager to hear again
His feet go ringing up the stony ways
Of those lean, flinty pastures set against the skies.
Till at the last he must turn back,
Back from the smothered comfort of the garden close,
To the gray, frost-faced fields,
The stunted orchard, the low, ragged wall,
The blue fir standing sentinel,
High on the very verge of the world,
Watching, far north of him,
Pricked out against the polar sky,
Faint, remote illimitably,
Arcturus, coursing his nightly round.

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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FROTHINGHAM'S "representative" was Lawrence, attorney to the British Consulate at Chicago, a brother of Gerald Boughton's mother. He had come to America thirty years before because he could make a living there and could not make a living at home. He had renounced allegiance to the British throne because by doing so his income was doubled. But at heart he regarded himself as a British subject and, while he pretended to be an American, was so savagely critical of things American that every one disliked him. He wore the long, slim side whiskers which were the fashion when he left home; he talked with the lisp then affected as the "hall-mark" of a gentleman. He disliked Americans, he despised Anglo-Americans of the Hooper type. Hooper himself he loathed as an intolerable upstart, successful where he, of the "upper class," was barely able to keep chin above water.

When he came into Hooper's study at the hour fixed by Frothingham he was an accurate representation of the supercilious, frozen faced "swell" of the Piccadilly district a quarter of a century before. Hooper knew that he was of the "upper class," but had not the faintest deference for him. Hooper had been Americanized to the extent of caring nothing for mere family. It took a title to stir his dormant instincts of servility; the untitled Lawrence was a man to be judged by American standards, as he understood them. Lawrence was not a millionaire and not on the way toward that goal of every rational ambition; Hooper, therefore, had no more respect for him than he had for any other "failure."

"You've come to explain about the Earl of Frothingham," began Hooper in the arrogant voice he used at business. "But it's not necessary. I'm well informed as to Lord Frothingham's family and am satisfied he's what he represents himself to be."

Lawrence combed his long, lean "Dundrearys" with his slim white fingers. The joy of battle gleamed in his eyes. "I can't imagine," he replied—he had a broad accent and drawl, said "cawn't" and "fawncy"—"why you should fancy I came here to insult Lord Frothingham, whose representative I have the honor to be."

"Insult? What do you mean, Mr. Lawrence?" demanded Hooper, his voice courageous, but not his eyes.

Lawrence felt he had been right in thinking that no American would negotiate for the purchase of a title unless he were at bottom a "groveling snob." "There could not be a question of Lord Frothingham's character," he said. "And as for his family, there's none more illustrious in England."

"Certainly, certainly. I've admitted all that. I assumed that Lord Frothingham was sending you through over-anxiety—not unnatural when he's so far from home."

"My business with you, Mr. Hooper," continued Lawrence, "relates to settlements." Hooper's pretense—"the shallow device of a bargain-hunter"—disgusted him.

Hooper waved his hand—a broad, thick, stumpy-fingered hand. "Oh, I've no doubt Lord Frothingham will do the right thing by my daughter. And besides, I intend to do something for her—no one ever accused Amzi Hooper of stinginess."

"That is gratifying," said Lawrence. "We shall no doubt have not the slightest difficulty in reaching an understanding. What, may I ask, is the—aw—extent of the settlement you purpose to make—upon your daughter and—and Lord Frothingham."

Hooper's face grew red. "You may *ask*, sir, but I'll not answer. I'm not in the habit of discussing my private affairs with *anybody*."

Lawrence was angry also—"the fellow's taking me for a fool," he thought. But he knew he must control himself, so he answered smoothly: "This is extraordinary—most extraordinary, Mr. Hooper. You've had some experience—aw—in foreign marriages——"

Hooper dropped sullenly before this poisoned shaft.

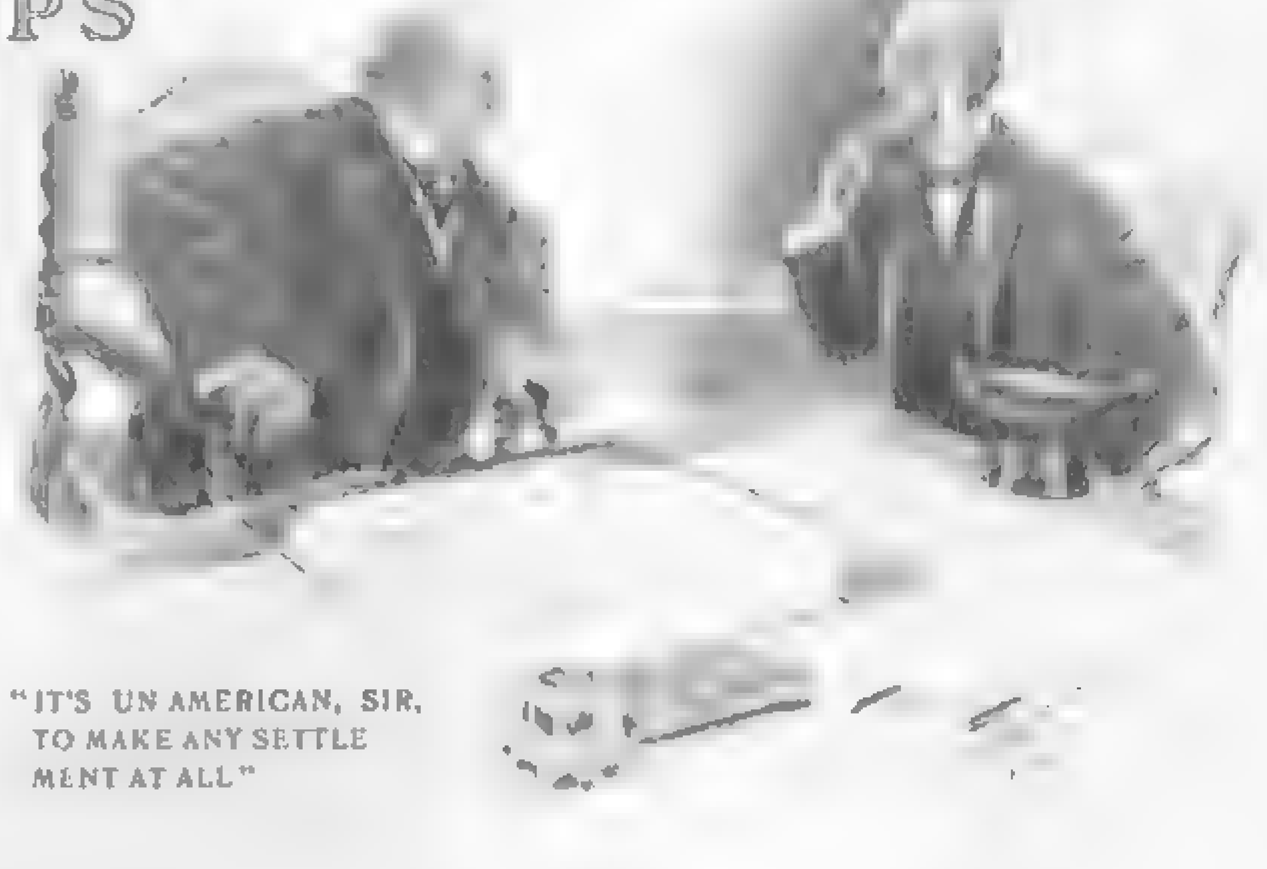
"And," continued Lawrence, "you must know that settlements are the matter of course."

"No, sir!" exclaimed Hooper, pounding the desk. "I know nothing of the sort. When my oldest daughter married they talked to me about settlements, but I refused to have anything to do with it."

Lawrence, in fact all Chicago, knew that Hooper, who was not nearly so rich then, had settled a quarter of a million upon the Papal nobleman and half a million on his daughter, and had engaged to settle a quarter of a million more upon the first male child of the marriage. "We should, of course, not be satisfied with the settlements you made upon the Duke of Valdonomia," said he, ignoring Hooper's falsehood.

Hooper winced, looked bluster, thought better of it, said quietly: "You've been misinformed, Mr. Lawrence. I made no settlements. But I gave the young people enough to set them up comfortably."

"Lord Frothingham's position forbids him to consider any such arrangement as that, Mr. Hooper. You know how it is with the great families. They have station, rank, tradition to maintain. The——"



"IT'S UN AMERICAN, SIR, TO MAKE ANY SETTLEMENT AT ALL"

"I won't bribe any man to marry my daughter. That ain't the American way." This was said, not fiercely, but, on the contrary, in a conciliatory tone and manner.

Lawrence sneered—inwardly—at this "cheap clap-trap," and said: "That's sound—and eminently creditable to you, sir. But you will bear in mind that Lord Frothingham is an English nobleman, the head of a distinguished family, and that your daughter is about to become his Countess, an Englishwoman, the mother of a line of English noblemen. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly. Perfectly. And I've not the least objection to doing what's right. I want to make it clear that I'm giving only out of generosity and affection, and a desire to see my girl properly established."

"No one who knows you will doubt that," said Lawrence so blandly that Hooper could find no fault, could not understand why he was irritated. "And now that we're on common ground I hope you'll give me some—aw—data—so that I may draw up the necessary papers."

"Has Frothingham any debts?" asked Hooper abruptly, after a thoughtful pause.

"There are about fifteen thousand pounds of personal obligations," replied Lawrence carelessly, "and a matter of perhaps a hundred thousand pounds as a charge on the entailed estate. I understand the entailed part is all that's left; but the estates can be, should be, restored to what they were until a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago."

"Um!" muttered Hooper.

"The debt represents, I believe," continued Lawrence, "the wild oats and careless management of previous generations. The present Earl has been—remarkably steady, they tell me, considering his station and opportunities and the example of his father and grandfather."

Hooper had read with an attention that made his memory leechlike every word of every sketch of Frothingham and the Gordon-Beauvais family in the Chicago papers. Lawrence's aristocratic allusions were, therefore, full of suggestion and moved him profoundly. "Well," said he, "I should say, in round numbers, that a million would straighten the young man out and set them housekeeping in good style."

There was a queer gleam in Lawrence's eyes as he replied. "Very handsome, Mr. Hooper. Most satisfactory. Your daughter can take the position in England to which the Earl's rank entitles her." He looked as if he were reflecting, then, as if thinking aloud: "Let me see—a million pounds—five million——"

Hooper sprang to his feet. "You misunderstood me, Mr. Lawrence," he protested angrily, but nervously. "My daughter will have that—perhaps more than that—ultimately. But I meant dollars, not pounds."

Lawrence put on an expression of amazement. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Hooper, but really—*really*—you can't mean that. Two hundred thousand pounds would barely fetch them even. They'd have nothing to live on."

"Oh, of course I don't mean that I'd not give 'em anything in addition. We were talking only of settlements."

"Certainly. And you must see, Mr. Hooper, that it would be impossible for us to accept any settlement so inadequate. Some misfortune might overtake you and—you would be unable to carry out your present generous intentions."

"A million dollars is a big sum of money. It looks even bigger in England than here."

"But you are making a great alliance. A million dollars is a small sum in the circumstances—I mean, in view of the necessity of enabling your daughter to take all that her position as Countess of Frothingham entitles her to."

"Permit me to ask," said Hooper with some sarcasm, but not enough to conceal his anxiety, "what did Lord Frothingham expect in the way of settlement?" The multimillionaire had developed two powerful passions with age—avarice and social ambition. These were now rending each the other, and both were rending him.

"Lord Frothingham, of course, did not discuss the matter with me—a gentleman is, naturally, delicate in matters of money. He simply stated the posture of his affairs and left me in full charge. When I suggested to him that eight hundred thousand—*pounds*—would be adequate, he protested that that was too much. 'I wish Mr. Hooper to appreciate that it is his daughter I want,' said he. 'Make the least possible conditions. I'd be glad to marry her without a penny if my position permitted. It's hard to have to consider such things at this time,' he said. 'I'm sure we can pull through with seven hundred thousand.' I did not and do not agree with him, but I assented because I knew that you would liberally supplement the settlements."

Every sentence in that speech exasperated Mr. Hooper—perhaps Lawrence's persistence in expressing himself in pounds instead of in dollars most of all. Pounds made the huge sum demanded seem small, made his resistance seem mean and vulgar. He reflected for several minutes. "I won't do it," he said in a sudden gust of temper. "Half that is my final figure. I'll settle the obligations—the five hundred and seventy thousand dollars—and I'll entail five hundred thousand and give Jenny five hundred thousand for her lifetime, it to go afterward to the younger children."

Lawrence combed his whiskers with his fine fingers, shaking his head slowly as he did so. "But, Mr. Hooper——"

"That's final," interrupted Hooper. "It's bad enough—it's shameful—it's un-American, sir, to make any settlement at all."

At "un-American," Lawrence took advantage of the fact that Hooper was not looking at him to indulge in a glance of contemptuous amusement. "Nobody but an American," he said to himself, "could have dragged 'un-American' into such a discussion as this. The cad is dickering over his daughter like an old-clothes dealer over a bag of rags."

Hooper was talking again—talking loudly: "Not a cent more! Not a blamed cent more! If they need more after they're married, let 'em come to me for it. They'll get it. But I ain't fool enough to make 'em independent of me. I ain't going to give 'em a chance to forget the hand that feeds 'em. No, sir; I want my daughter to continue to love me and think of me."

There was no affectation in Lawrence's astonishment at this view of affection and the way to keep it. "Poor devil," he said to himself pityingly, "he's been so perverted by his wealth that he actually doesn't see he's taking the very course that'll make his children hate him." But he ventured only, "I'm certain, sir, from what I know of your daughter and Lord Frothingham that money could have no influence with them one way or the other."

Hooper smiled cynically. "It's human nature," he said. "The hand that feeds is the hand that's licked. I'll give 'em all they need whenever they need it. Do you suppose I've no pride in my daughter, in seeing that she makes a good appearance over there? But a million and a half is my outside figure for settlements."

"Practically less than a hundred thousand over and above the debts," replied Lawrence, irritatingly reverting to pounds. "That is, about four thousand a year for them to live on."

"Forty to fifty thousand a year, including Jenny's income," corrected Hooper, standing up for dollars. "And while I don't promise, still, if they behave, they can count on as much more from me."

"Nine thousand a year," said Lawrence, translating into pounds, "would hardly keep up Beauvais Hall in a pinched fashion. It would leave nothing for restoring the property; the Hall, for example, needs fifty thousand pounds at once to restore it."

The reasonableness, the unanswerableness of this presentation of the case exasperated Hooper. "They'll have to look to me afterward for that," he said angrily. "I've said my last word."

But Lawrence didn't believe him. He saw that, though avarice was uppermost for the moment, the "cad's craving" was a close second—then there was the daughter's aid. She would have something to say to her father when she knew of the hitch in the negotiations. He rose. "There's nothing further at present, Mr. Hooper. I shall be compelled strongly to advise Lord Frothingham against going on and engaging himself. I cannot do otherwise consistently, with my duty as the, as it were, guardian for the moment of his dignity and the dignity of his house. It may be that he will disregard my advice. But I don't see how he can, careless in sordid things and impetuous though he is. The prospect for an unhappy marriage would be too clear. Good morning, sir."

Hooper shook hands with him lingeringly. Avarice forbade him to speak. "The Earl will come to your terms," it and shrewdness assured him. "If he don't the deal is still open, anyhow." His parting words were, "Give my regards to the young man. Tell him we hope to see him as usual, no matter how this affair comes out."

"The coarse brute," muttered Lawrence, as he stood without the doors of the granite palace. "The soul of a ham seller, of a pig-sticker." And he took out his handkerchief and affectedly wiped the hand which Hooper had shaken. "Always a nasty business, this, of American upstarts buying into our nobility. If they weren't a lot of callous traders and money-grabbers they couldn't do it. And they usually negotiate at first hand, so that they can drive a closer bargain. And their best society, too! Beastly country—no wonder the women want to be traded out of it into civilization."

VIII

THERE was a family council at the Hoopers' after luncheon that day—Mr. Hooper, his wife and Jeanne. The two women followed Hooper from the dining-room into his study, where he was pulling sullenly at his cigar and awaiting the attack. It was his wife who began: "Do you know why Lord Frothingham sent word he couldn't come to lunch, Pa? Jenny here is worried about it."

Mr. Hooper grunted. Finally he said: "I'm willing to do anything in reason to please Jenny. I don't approve of this title business. It ain't American. But as long as the young fellow has turned her head I was not disposed to stand in the way." He frowned fiercely. "But I tell you flat I won't be held up! And that fellow he sent here this morning was a plain highwayman."

Mrs. Hooper and Jeanne looked significantly each at the other—they had had many talks about his growing stinginess, and they suspected him at once. "What did he want?" inquired Mrs. Hooper.

"I don't propose to talk this thing over before Jenny. It's disgraceful that she should have gone into such a business. It ain't right that she should know about such things."

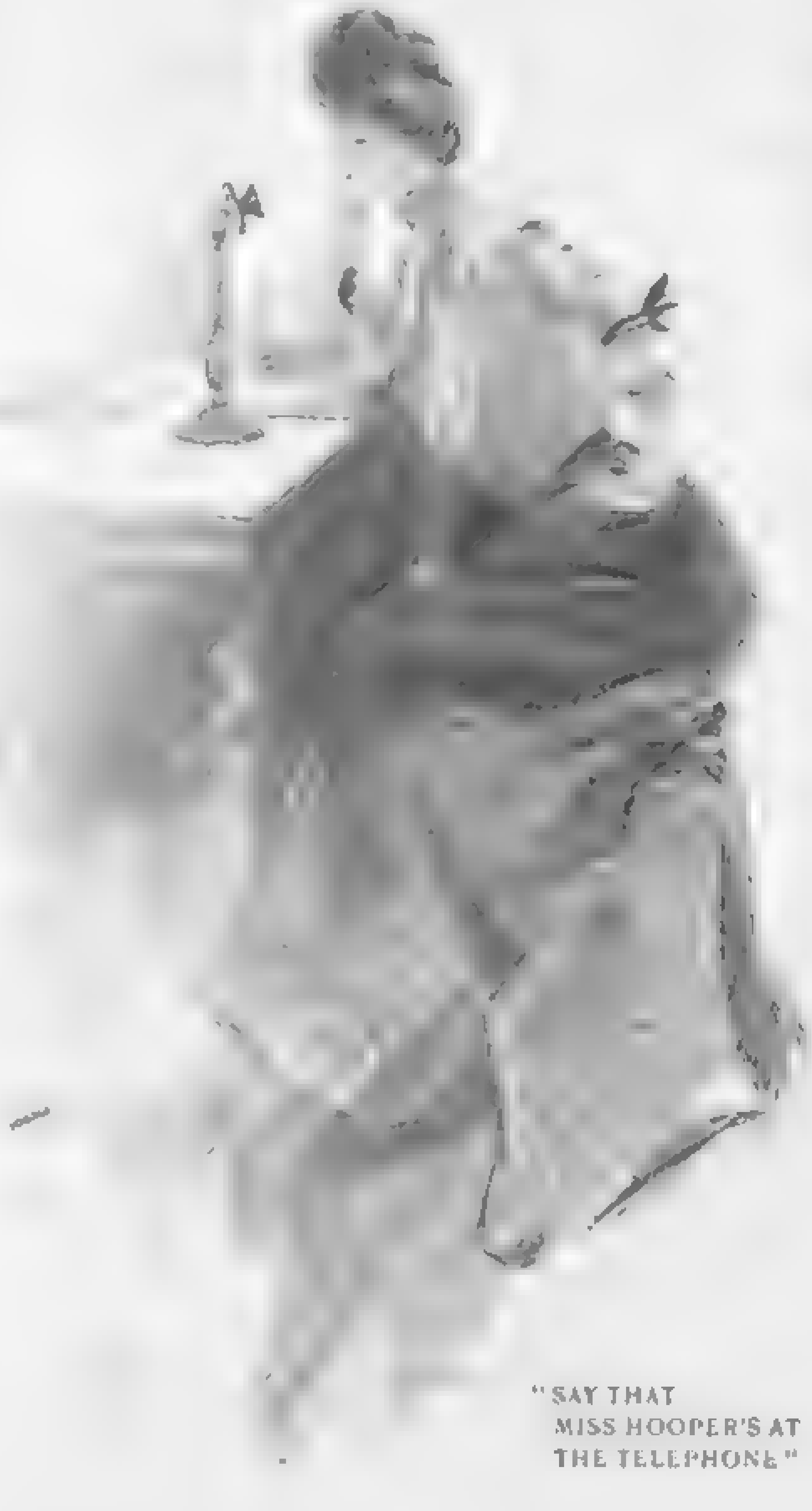
Jeanne's eyes filled with tears. "And I've told all the girls!" she exclaimed. "Everybody knows it. I can't back out now. The whole town'd be laughing at us. I'd be ashamed ever to show my face in the street again. You don't want to break my heart, do you, Pa?"

"You've made a sweet mess of it!" snarled her father. "You ought to have had better sense than to have told anybody till the business side of it was settled. I warned your Ma about that—I knew what was coming. Now, here you two've gone and given him the whip hand!"

"She got at the telephone before she told me," said Mrs. Hooper.

Neither she nor her husband suspected that Jeanne had thought of just this emergency of a wrangle over settlements and had decided that the best way to overcome her father's avarice was to put him in a position from which he could not recede. If Frothingham had not insisted on liberal settlements she would have prompted him to it. She was no more eager than was he to embark with small supplies in the hold when it was possible to lay in supplies a-plenty. And as her father had acted all her life upon his principle of paternal affection—"The hand that feeds is the hand that's licked"—she saw no harm in guiding her conduct toward him by another principle from the practical code. As she was about to engage in business, wasn't it common sense to get as large a capital as she could? "We can't back out now," she repeated tearfully, watching him shrewdly through her tears.

"A pretty mess!" growled her father. But he was not really offended, partly because he was fond of his daughter and would have forgiven her almost anything, partly because he understood and sympathized with her eagerness to proclaim her triumph, chiefly because, now that he had thought it over, he was ready to accept Frothingham's terms. "The hope of getting more and the need of it will keep 'em tame," he reasoned. And he said, addressing the two women: "When that Lawrence fellow comes again to-morrow, as I'm dead sure he will, I'll close the matter. But you two keep your hands off!"



"SAY THAT MISS HOOPER'S AT THE TELEPHONE"

As soon as her father and mother were out of the way she went into the library and called up the Barneys. "Is Lord Frothingham there?" she asked.

"I'll put you on the switch to his room," was the reply. And presently a voice she recognized as Hutt's said: "Who wishes to speak to 'Is Lordship?"

"Say that Miss Hooper's at the telephone."

There was a pause, a murmur of voices—she was sure one of them was Frothingham's. Then Hutt answered: "'Is Lordship hain't 'ere just now, ma'am. Hany message, ma'am?"

She was trembling with alarm. "Just tell him that I called up, and that I'd like to speak to him when he comes in"—this in a rather shaky voice, for a great fear was gathering in around her, a fear that he had become offended at her father's stinginess and bartering and bargaining, and had decided to withdraw.

She wandered uneasily from room to room. She sat at the telephone several times—once she had the receiver off the hook before she changed her mind about trying to reach him. She ordered her victoria and got ready for the street, to drive about in the hope of accidentally meeting him. At the door she changed her mind again. As she was turning back a boy came by, shouting an extra—"All about the Earl of Frothingham! Big sensation!" She saw that the boy knew who she was, knew that she was supposed to be engaged to Frothingham, was clamoring in that neighborhood because he thought sales would be briskest there. She fled into the house—but sent a servant out by the basement way to buy the paper.

The headlines were large and black. Frothingham, the story ran, had got into debt in England so deeply that his creditors found he could not pay more than a few pence in the pound; they had consulted as to ways and means of recovering, had organized themselves into a syndicate, had put up five thousand pounds to "finance" him for a hunt for a rich wife in America. "And," concluded the account, "this exposure comes barely in time to block his attempt to marry the beautiful daughter of one of the richest meat packers in Chicago, moving in our smartest smart set."

She did not know that this tale was a deliberately false diversion of the facts about a syndicated German prince who had visited Chicago several years before and had almost married there. The truth as to his enterprise had just come out on the other side through the collapse of the Rontivogli syndicate, and the newspaper, relying for immunity on Frothingham's aloneness and on his well-understood mercenary designs, had substituted his name for the German's. She read and believed. She had known from the outset that his main motive was money. But she had succeeded in disguising this unsightly truth in the same flowers of her crudely romantic imagination in which she disguised the truth as to her craving for a coronet. Now it was as if the flowers had been torn away to the last concealing petal and had left exposed things more hideous than she thought were there.

She hid her face and cried a little—"I despise him. Besides, if I went on and married him, what would people say?"

It would have taken finer scales than those available for weighing human motives to decide which of the two reasons embodied in those two sentences was the heavier. She dried her eyes and sat with her elbow on the table and her chin in her hand.

"That's the best thing to do, every way I look at it," she said aloud slowly at the end of half an hour's thought.

She went to the telephone, called up the offices of the Great Western and Southern Railway, asked and got the General Manager. "Is that you, Mr. Burster? Is that you, Tom? Meet me in the parlors of the Auditorium right away." And she rang off and telephoned to the stable for her victoria.

Ten minutes later she was driving down the avenue in her largest, most beplumed black hat and a pale blue carriage-coat that produced the wonted effect of her public appearances—Burster once said to her: "Jeanne, you're the only thing on earth that can stop traffic in the streets of Chicago. You can do in two seconds more than a blizzard could do in a week."

She returned at half past five. Her father and mother were in the front sitting-room upstairs, gloomy as the lake in the dusk of a cloudy day. She entered, whistling and tilting her big hat first over her right eye, then over her left. "Don't look so cheerful," she said, patting her mother on the cheek and pulling her father's beard.

He tried to scowl, but it was a failure; and his voice was not in the least formidable as he said: "A pretty mess you got yourself into, miss, with your telephoning."

"What telephoning?" she asked with a start.

"Tattling your engagement."

"Oh!" She threw herself into a chair and laughed.

"Your father telephoned to Mr. Lawrence after he left us——" began her mother.

"What did you do that for, Pa?" she interrupted. "He'll think we haven't any pride."

"You ungrateful, thoughtless child! I did it for you."

"What did Mr. Lawrence say?"

Her father hesitated and his face showed how he hated to inflict upon his daughter the pain he thought his words would cause. "He said it was useless to continue our discussion, as Lord Frothingham had definitely and finally decided not to renew his proposal." The old man's voice almost broke as he went on: "Jenny, here's a note that came a few minutes ago—I think the address is in Frothingham's handwriting."

Neither he nor her mother dared to look at her as she was hearing these awful disclosures of the downfall of her hopes and the impending brutalities to her pride and vanity. She picked up the note, opened it slowly, read it—a few polite formal sentences, setting forth that he was "yielding to the insuperable obstacles interposed by your father."

She dropped the sheet and pirouetted round the room, in and out between the chairs occupied by her frightened parents—they thought her suddenly gone mad from the shock. "Who says I ain't the luckiest girl on earth?" she exclaimed.

(Continued on Page 21)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The paid circulation of the March 7th number of The Saturday Evening Post was 552,000 copies

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

ℭTo-morrow is all-fools' day.

ℭTime, tide and trolleys wait for no man.

ℭImpertinence is interesting until it grows up.

ℭHope springs eternal in the bald-headed man.

ℭA good job soon gets a divorce from a bad man.

ℭYou can raise a fine crop of trouble from the seeds of discontent.

ℭAllee samee Addicks has forced in the thin edge of his wedge.

ℭHandsome is as handsome does; but it saves a lot of trouble to be born good-looking.

ℭWhen the promoters of a racing syndicate "cut a watermelon" the members get the seeds.

ℭIt's because riches have wings that so many young men who inherit fortunes become high flyers.

ℭWhen a man loves a girl he can't be nice to any one else; when a girl loves a man she's nice to every one else.

ℭIt's a pretty stiff gas bill that Delaware has had to pay, and the same active old meter is still at work down in the cellar.

ℭThe joke of a person without a sense of humor is like the playful kick of a Missouri mule—well meant, but disconcerting.

Soldier or Camp-Follower?

IN a Middle Western State there are two towns of about twelve thousand inhabitants a few score miles apart. They have the same climate, the same natural and railway advantages, the same kind of surrounding country, practically the same kind of population. Yet one town is like a city, the other like a village.

The city-town is well paved and well lighted. The houses are comfortable and attractive, the shops are good, and in the streets are well dressed, energetic, cheerful people. The village-town is slovenly in air and in gait. The citizens lounge along the streets. There are many drygoods cases and barrels at the edges of the sidewalks and each has its group of drear-eyed whittlers.

There is a cause for everything; there is a cause for the difference in these two towns. That cause is—one man.

He lives in the city town. He is not its richest, not its most conspicuous citizen. But he has two great talents—the talent for keeping himself up to the mark, the talent for making others feel that they must follow his example. He has neither preached nor posed. He found his town like its neighbor, facing the cemetery and creeping toward it. He faced himself the other way, was presently joined by half a dozen others, by a score, by a hundred, by a thousand—and the battle was won.

Some one said the other day that of the eighty million people in this country less than a quarter of a million made it progress—that is, if a certain quarter of a million or less were to be wiped out suddenly at the same time the country would begin a retrograde movement from which it could not recover for years, if ever. Whether this estimate of the number of Americans who actually constitute the public opinion that is intelligently and energetically for enlightened progress be too small or too large, the point of the observation is unimpaired. We know that the number of really efficient and valuable persons is small in comparison with the total number, that the great mass of human beings is inert, is wholly dependent upon leadership. But we know also that, thanks to free institutions, the number of these force-units and force-centres is greater in America than in any other country present or past.

Look at any community, at any group of human beings gathered together for whatever purpose, and you will soon see how few of its members are in the least positive, how many are negative, are either inert or are docile instruments of the force that happens to come their way. And then you understand why evil, though weak in comparison with the forces of good, is yet so potent in human affairs. Evil is never positive; it is always negative. To-day's bad is yesterday's good; to-day's good is to-morrow's bad. Our worst criminal is simply an untimely exhibition of the highest morality of some period in the barbaric past. The best soldier that Agamemnon led to Troy would be shot as an unspeakable wretch in any army of civilization to-day. To become evil is merely to stand still.

Every rightly applied energy is striving for the increase in the number of those who do not rest, who are not negative, but are positive units, giving out force as well as receiving it, or at least capable of receiving force. And because you dress in the same manner as your positive neighbor instead of wearing the skin of a wild beast, because you take in the same papers and magazines, vote the same ticket and use the same language, don't be satisfied that you are really an independent marcher in the army of progress. You may be there because the pressure of those on all sides is too great to permit you to escape. Or you may be sitting by the wayside, part of the army only in the sense that you are clad in its uniform—which was furnished by some one else.

The Bat Mightier Than the Sword

SOME of us have felt a little doubt on the question how far "benevolent assimilation" in the Philippines assimilates, but the latest news from the islands ought to reassure us. The work of education begun by the American school-teacher is being completed by the American game of baseball. A six-club league has been organized at Manila, representing different branches of the public service, and the whole population turns out at the semi-weekly games. Baseball is as wild a fad in Manila now as Ibsen in Boston or the cake-walk in Paris. Even the English have been captured by it, which seems to show that as a colonizing people our branch of the race is even stronger than the other. You can usually trace the limits of English colonization by the cricket-fields, and hereafter you will be able to bound greater America by its baseball grounds.

In Manila the Filipinos have taken to the game so enthusiastically that they have organized clubs of their own, which play on the league grounds before and after the regular matches. The crowds on the bleachers have acquired all the baseball technicalities and do their "rooting" in English.

Think of the power of that lever for the Americanization of the islands! We might perhaps remain unmoved by shouts of "*Desliza! Kelly, desliza!*" or "*Matad el arbitrador!*" but how can we fail to feel at home when we hear the same sentiments expressed in the familiar words, hallowed by sweet associations, "Slide! Kelly, Slide!" and "Kill the umpire!"?

Mr. Chamberlain has been inviting Boers and Britons to shake hands over the bloody chasm in South Africa, and has not apparently met with the most flattering success. A good deal of blood has flowed in the Philippines, but baseball may prove a better peacemaker than Mr. Chamberlain. Certainly a Filipino who can deliver a good drop curve is not a member of an inferior race, but a man to be respected by his conquerors, and the conqueror who can bat a home run with two out and three men on bases is not a loathsome oppressor but a being to be loved by any Tagal patriot who has money up on his team.

When the Filipinos were devoted to cock-fighting, and General Otis was trying to suppress that sport on the ground that it was inconsistent with the moral standards of Brookline, Massachusetts, the situation was dangerous. If the brown men had stuck to cock fighting and the white men to poker there would have remained a gap between the races that all the diplomacy of Governor Taft might not have been able to bridge. But baseball may make diplomacy unnecessary. It is gratifying to have the Filipinos taught to sing The Star-Spangled Banner in school, but when of their own accord they pick up Casey at the Bat in English they may be considered thoroughly assimilated.

Your Brother the Murderer

AN EMINENT American physician, whose practice is chiefly among women and children, said lately:

"A doctor is often in receipt of queer letters, but the strangest which come to me are the frequent applications from good, pious women living on farms and country villages for places in wealthy city families, where they can rear and train the poor neglected children of fashionable mothers. There seems to be a deep-seated conviction among these good folk that every rich, fashionable woman is a devotee to dancing, gambling, champagne, cigarettes and worse vices. To rescue and train her children, they argue, would be missionary work—and profitable.

"I might tell them truly," added the doctor, "that I have practiced among that class of women for thirty years, and in that time never have known but one who did not love and give her best effort to her children. But they would not believe me!"

Of course they would not. We all divide our fellow creatures into classes, each with its sharp attributes, and love and hate them comfortably. Nothing is more disquieting or annoying than to have these attributes mixed up. Yet nothing is more certain to happen.

The one thing we may be sure of every day is that not a man whom we shall meet in it will belong to his type. The purse-proud plutocrat turns out to be a humble-minded young fellow anxiously envious of our knowledge of golf; the comic actor in private life is dull and shy, and reddens to the tips of his ears whenever he speaks; the murderer, taken out of the dock in a quiet hob and nob, proves to be a likable young chap who reminds you of your cousin Bob. He has precisely the same feeling for his Jenny and her boy at home that you have for your Mary and the kid. He is worrying about the price of potatoes just as you are worrying about coal.

You are confused, annoyed. It would be so much easier to deal with the man, knife in hand, killing and needing to be killed, than with this anxious buyer of potatoes for Jenny and her baby.

After all, are not our mistakes in dealing with other people—at home, on the street, in church or the shop—due to our obstinacy in meeting them as members of classes instead of men and women like ourselves? Public opinion dubs this party fanatics; that, rogues; this race, traitors; this fashionable woman, vicious; that churchgoing woman, a saint.

But you will save time and many bitter mistakes if you will take each by the hand and judge for yourself.

The nature of the meanest man or woman is not like a manufactured music box, set to grind out forever the same tune—the Dead March or a jig—at the turning of a screw. It is a live thing. And there is in it some wild harmony, provided you know how to find it.

An All-American Route to the East

THE proposition of Mr. John W. Mackay and his associates to build a cable all the way across the Pacific, and to ask nothing of any Government except landing privileges, was something so new and so good that it seemed almost impossible. And now here it is. For years Congress and the Departments have been talking of a cable line; newspapers have given thousands of columns of their space to the discussions; all recognized the need—but nothing was done. Nothing until one company stepped in, ran out the wire, and soon we may know Honolulu's latest news as it happens, and in a few more months get Aguinaldo's lecture terms over an all-American route. No subsidies in this great work, mind you—no log-rolling in or out of Congress—no frittering away of energies and dollars in the purchase of rights, but a straight, swift bit of American energy doing a great big thing so quickly that it almost takes one's breath away.

During the past century the Government lost hundreds of millions of dollars helping to build railroads—and most of it was stolen in one way or another. States went to the limit of their credit in building canals and aiding railway enterprises—and almost every cent was lost. Cities built transportation lines to bring trade to their marts—and the results are still seen in their debt statements. All this is changed. All are agreed that there is a wholesome dread of too much power or too much capital in the hands of any one man or any set of men, but the worst form of trustphobia cannot blind us to the truth that great capital is able to do great things without asking Congress for appropriations or swindling the people as did DeLesseps in France, or the early promoters of the Pacific roads in the United States.

MEN AND MEASURES

By Charles Emory Smith

TWO FORECASTS OF THE POLITICAL FUTURE. HOW THE PRESIDENT HAS DISARMED HIS OPPONENTS. DEMOCRATIC POSSIBILITIES FOR 1904

WHAT is the general political situation and outlook as it is left at the close of Congress? What has been the effect of the winter's operations? What are the personal bearings of the developments of the past three months?

These questions are inevitably raised by any attentive observation at Washington as the session of Congress comes to its culmination. Such work as the important action of these winter months, with all the forces that entered into it, could not fail to leave an impress on the trend of public movements. No observer can be blind to a consciousness on the part of all participants that the legislation of the session and the influences surrounding it are producing a distinct and palpable effect on the course of public opinion. Just what this effect is may be a matter of difference, but all feel that changes of some sort are being wrought out. There are certain facts which lie on the surface. The campaign of the President for the accomplishment of anti-trust legislation was successful." Whether it was all that was originally contemplated, it was all that was desired in the end; it was consistent and homogeneous; it made a good beginning; it authorized inquiry and publicity without intruding into general business or forcing useless exposure. Many of the large corporations yielded to it if they did not cheerfully accept it. But the chief trust magnates, while acquiescing rather than run the risk of something more drastic, were at the same time resentful. Meanwhile, the Democrats took heart from the narrow margin in the New York election of last November. They felt that it made the Empire State fairly debatable, and that with a conservative and unobjectionable candidate they might hopefully enter on the next Presidential contest. Would the Republicans gain or lose from these events? Would the Democrats be able to profit from the turn?

If these articles have any merit and value it is because they aim to be candid, dispassionate and judicial in the treatment of men, measures and movements. There are at Washington two distinct views of the situation, and a frank statement of these diverse views will indicate the conflicting currents of opinion

The Clouded and Uncertain View

THE first view, which is that of doubt and uncertainty, is that the course of events has clouded the political prospect and rendered it obscure. According to this outlook the elements which are interested in the industrial combinations have been estranged by the anti-trust campaign and legislation, and have become lukewarm if not openly hostile. Not only have those directly concerned in the trusts been alienated, but broader business interests are said to have been disaffected by the fear that a movement against the industrial organizations will operate injuriously in the general business field. This view finds that distrust is not confined to Wall Street, but reaches out into mercantile and manufacturing circles, and rests upon the idea that the basis of stability and confidence has been impaired. It thinks that the enthusiasm and ardor of a few months ago have suffered some abatement. It reasons that the Republican party has made its great and successful fights only when the business interests were united and earnestly aroused on its side, and that indifference or lethargy on their part would be disastrous

This view sees ground for disturbed feeling in the even balance of New York and in the apparent disposition of the Democrats to drop the mistakes of the past and unite upon an available candidate. Governor Odell was elected by less than 10,000 majority last November. This is a meagre margin in a total vote of nearly 1,400,000. A change of one vote in every 280 would have reversed the result. About 70,000 Republicans remained away from the polls in Greater New York through discontent. With the chances so closely balanced the appearance of a candidate like Chief Justice Parker might, according to this view, tip the scales in favor of the Democrats. Though the loss of New York would not necessarily be fatal, yet the same influences which cost her vote would be likely to carry other States, and it would be dangerous to enter on the contest with a general feeling that New York was prone to the other side.

It cannot be said that those who are troubled with these apprehensions have any different policy from the great body of Republicans who do not share their fears. They do not say that any other course should have been followed. They do not contend that there should have been no anti-trust legislation. They do not maintain that this legislation is too severe or excessive. Some of them think that it is a double ender and involves risks both ways — from those who wanted nothing done and those who wanted more done. When their feeling is closely analyzed it seems to rest on the idea that there has been some reaction from the strong current of last year, some rising sentiment that the future has elements of uncertainty, but there is no proposal of any departure from the line on which the party is moving

The Hopeful and Cheerful View

THE other view which prevails at Washington is much more hopeful and cheerful. It is not blind to the tendencies which threaten danger, but it sees countervailing forces which, according to its light, more than offset them. It believes that in his anti trust campaign the President has represented a great popular sentiment and has spiked the only available weapons his political adversaries had for the coming battle. Those who hold this view recognize that in the legislation he has accomplished he has embittered some powerful elements whose support hitherto has been valuable; but they think he has won a popular favor which more than counterbalances this temporary loss, and they further question whether the very elements that are now resentful will not in the end see their interest in yielding opposition and going along. They believe that, instead of exciting business distrust and awakening a feeling of uncertainty, the handling of this subject will allay apprehension by showing that a difficult question and a popular demand can be met without departing from conservative lines.

According to this view the anti-trust legislation will gain in esteem as time and experience test it. At the outset it may exasperate those who wanted nothing and disappoint those who wanted more. But in its practical operation it will prove less intrusive and disturbing in the conduct of general business affairs than has been feared by conservative elements, and more effective where there is real need of restraint than has been imagined by radical critics. Its key is in the provision for investigation and publicity. This lies in the hands of the Bureau of Corporations and is thus under the eye of the President. He can decide what doors it shall unlock. To the great mass of business concerns it will not be applied. They will go on as freely as now. The number of trusts whose policy is believed to be in restraint of trade or in suppression of competition is very limited. In such cases the power of examination will uncover the facts and open the way to the remedy.

The efficacy of the law and its application thus depend on the President who administers it. Under the view now being sketched even the trusts which dislike the law will prefer that its execution shall be in the hands of those who framed it rather than in more uncertain and perhaps more violent hands. There will be a choice of executive power. Its spirit is not always a matter of individual temperament or character. It is subject to the general influences and trend of the forces behind it. A Republican President represents one set of tendencies, and a Democratic President would represent another. The view now presented is that when it is no longer a question of passing or defeating anti-trust legislation, but simply a question in whose hands it shall rest, the very elements that are dissatisfied would be unwilling to leave it to the uncertainties of a radical change.

In this view there is another aspect of the matter which cannot be overlooked. It is agreed that Judge Parker is more discussed now than any other man as an eligible candidate of the opposition. Those who object to the restraining and regulating legislation are said to regard him with favor. But according to this view, may it not be a question whether it will be to his advantage to be known at this early day as a favorite of the trusts? Will it not repel more support than it will gain? Can the antagonistic elements of the opposition be united with such influences? Can there be an alliance of the socialistic tendencies which have had such development during the last year with the corporate forces which have so great a stake in the contest? If the lines are to be broken on the one side will they not be broken on the other, and will not the popular elements more than overmatch any special classes?

A Democratic Analysis of the Situation

THESE are the two views which any accurate record of the drift at Washington must recognize. They are portrayed as a reflex of the talk which divides political circles. They do not necessarily point to opposing and conflicting conclusions, but to varying shades of conviction. One view is more critical, dubious and hesitant than the other. The first sees difficulties, doubts and uncertainties; the second sees more promise and assurance in the outlook. The first finds an ebb of the tide, a little reaction, a measure of unrest, a race [illegible] a critical spirit, a feeling that it is impossible to tell just what to count on; the second finds that these are superficial and evanescent manifestations which are completely overridden by the irresistible sweep of the general current. Both are held with equal sincerity, and in their comparison they raise questions which command a deeper interest, even in the surging hours of a closing session, than the questions which are matters of action at the moment

The real judgment of a sagacious Democratic politician, one of the most conspicuous chiefs of his party, was privately expressed the other day. He said in substance: "See what the President has done. Congress met for the short session with the universal belief that nothing would be accomplished. Yet the President has carried through both Houses just the legislation that he wanted — legislation that gives him power without being revolutionary or destructive. The Republican leaders didn't want it, but he has managed them all. He has taken the best weapons of the next fight away from his opponents, and he has kept control of the trusts because he has kept the discretion in his own hands. He has shown that as a politician he was not born yesterday." Yet the Democratic leader who spoke thus in the freedom of confidential talk will do his best, not without some hope, for Democratic success.

Some Presidential Possibilities

THAT hope centres in New York and in its relations to the contest. In view of its closeness at the last election and of the discontent which is so largely concentrated there, it must be regarded as a doubtful State. The political battlefield has shifted since the last two Presidential campaigns. Then New York and the States about it were sure, and the West was debatable. Now the entire West is apparently solid and New York hangs in the balance. The recognition of this equivocal position of New York leads to the dominant Democratic thought of finding within its borders a candidate for whom nobody has a knife up the sleeve. There is no doubt that for this reason Judge Parker is more in the mind of his party at the present time than any other man. His personality is impressive, and his position on the bench, withdrawn from the arena of contention, leaves him without points of attack.

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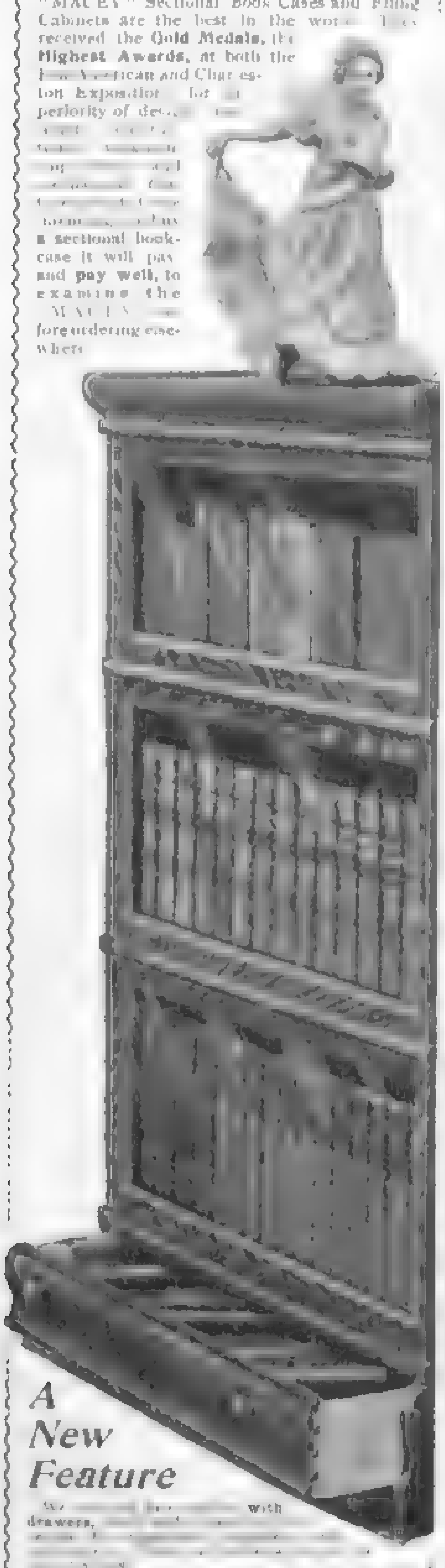

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In the field of speculation at Washington he is preeminent on the Democratic side, but not alone. The financial interests which shy at President Roosevelt's bold methods would be well pleased with Mr. Cleveland. It is true he startled them with his aggressive and defiant tone on the Venezuelan boundary, but they had confidence in his fiscal policies and associations. His name is not canvassed, and there is no expectation that he will be in the running, but his shadow sometimes falls across the course, with a query as to whether any strange turn might happen. Mr. Olney is more distinctly on the bulletin of announcements. He would be a vigorous leader of iron and blood. But the question instantly comes, Why should the Democracy go to Massachusetts, which cannot be made doubtful, and leave New York, which is surely to be a great battle ground?

David Hill Must be Watched

There is a factor which cannot be ignored. In any consideration of what New York may offer David B. Hill cannot be left out of the reckoning. Will he be a candidate himself? Will he be friendly to Judge Parker? Nobody knows—literally nobody, so far as can be ascertained. He could not wield the sceptre without vehement opposition, and yet who could hold it without his favor? He is ambitious, but he is wary. Does he realize his weakness as well as his strength? Does he understand that he cannot be King, but that he may be a Warwick? No voice comes from him or from any authorized friend, either publicly or privately, and while the oracle is silent the course is not clear. His power over the organization of his State is recognized, but the fear that he will sway it for himself shadows the pathway, for it is clear that the best hope of his party lies along new lines.

There is another factor that may or may not play some part in the nomination, and that is Mr. Bryan. His day is over as a candidate. The settlement of his issues and the reversion of his special territory of the West to its earlier affiliations have left him high and dry on the shore as the current has swept by; but if he is dead as an influence in determining the choice of his party he doesn't know it. He is vociferous in imposing his conditions and limitations. But in the canvass of Washington he hardly receives the cold respect of a passing word. His recent visit was funereal. He doubtless has some following, but with the collapse of every theory and prediction it is scattered and broken, and the party wants to leave the past behind.

Probably if it exercised its real preference, without regard to locality or availability, it would take Mr. Gorman. That astute politician has perennial favor. The loss of his seat in the Senate did not obscure his light, and now he comes to the front again with renewed influence and strengthened position. His party has missed his adroit leadership in the Senate, and his resumption of the reins will be a distinct gain to it. He would be a candidate after its own heart, and, if he could be elected, a President altogether to its liking. It would not feel that Mr. Olney or Mr. Cleveland would be a strong or strict party man. It would count on more of the tie that binds in Judge Parker. But, above all, Mr. Gorman would be its ideal, and if it were not for the vital relation of New York to the contest he would doubtless be first in its thought.

For the Democratic hope of an encouraging fight turns on New York, though it is far from certain that the election itself will turn on that State. Since 1900 the conditions have so changed that New York has less of a pivotal position than then. Even then the transfer of the Empire State to the other column would not have altered the result. President McKinley had 292 electoral votes against 155 for Mr. Bryan. The loss of New York would still have left him a majority of 65. He might also have lost New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, California and Utah and yet have been elected. The reapportionment and the solidification of the Mountain States are changes of condition more favorable to the dominant party, while the recognized reaction in New York is a change less favorable.

The total electoral vote is now increased to 476, making 239 necessary to a choice. If the vote were to be divided as the States voted last November the Republicans would have 318 and the Democrats 158. This leaves a broad margin. If New York were counted on the other side the Republicans would still marshal 279, or 40 more than enough to elect. It is said that the same influences which would throw New York to the opposition would carry New Jersey and Connecticut the same way. The question was put to Senator Platt, of Connecticut, a man of great experience, poise and wisdom. "The business elements of Connecticut," he answered, "do not sympathize with the interests in New York that are disaffected. They stand just where they have stood."

We Shall Soon Know

Nothing, therefore, is settled. The whole question is open and undetermined. If it be said that there are signs of reaction, it may be answered that it will require a large and widespread reaction to portend a radical change. Washington is in an inquiring frame of mind. It is often sensitive to small influences whose ripples scarcely reach beyond the capital, and sometimes dull to large currents which are affecting the public mind throughout the country. It is sometimes the best place to judge, and sometimes the worst. The short session of Congress, with its important legislation and its various developments in different directions, has not left the situation just as it was at the beginning. People are conscious of a little different atmosphere, even if they cannot define it. Whether it is of any deep significance depends on developments yet to be made. The two views which have been outlined give present impressions. If they are a little nebulous it is because just now the air is a little thick. In three months it may all clear up.

Barnum as a Practical Joker

AT A MEETING of Universalist clergymen, to which denomination Barnum belonged, he was called upon for a few remarks. He was always ready, and at the conclusion he stated with all seriousness that he had just received reliable information that at the United States Mint in Philadelphia brand-new quarter-dollars could be bought for a short time at twelve and thirteen cents apiece. He saw that his statement had caused a sensation, and at the close of the meeting a reverend old gentleman called him aside and said:

"Mr. Barnum, I am opposed to all forms of speculation, but I have been thinking that if I can purchase those quarter-dollars for the price you name I might make an honest penny. Do you see anything wrong in it?"

"Nothing at all; but tell me how you expect to make a profit?"

"If the quarters cost me only twelve and thirteen cents, why, I can readily sell them again at par, can I not?"

"Certainly," replied Barnum without a change of countenance, "but if you pay twelve and thirteen cents—that is twelve plus thirteen, wherein lies the profit?"

On another occasion Barnum notified the dealer from whom he bought a large amount of supplies that half the pepper he sent him was peas. The dealer indignantly denied the charge, and quite a warm correspondence followed, it being finally ended by Barnum, who inquired whether half the letters in the word "pepper" were not p's.

In his fine mansion at Bridgeport was a beautifully furnished apartment which was called the "Carey Room," it being set apart for the sweet poetesses, Alice and Phœbe Carey, whenever they visited Bridgeport. Barnum and his family were very fond of those gifted writers, as were all who knew them.

"Alice was the more thoughtful," said he, "while Phœbe was always bubbling over with good spirits and wit. I never knew a brighter woman. One day I was taking her and some friends through my museum. At the head of the stairs was the cage containing 'The Happy Family,' which included owls, cats, mice, serpents, and other creatures generally mortal enemies, but all living in perfect harmony, mainly because we kept them so stuffed with food that they had no temptation to prey upon one another. The cage stood directly at the head of the stairs, and just as we reached the top a big serpent stretched its head toward Phœbe. Forgetting the glass thickness that separated them, she was so startled that she uttered a scream, and would have fallen backward down the steps had I not caught her. Looking up to me she said, 'Thank you, Mr. Barnum; but remember that I am not the first woman that the serpent has caused to fall.'"

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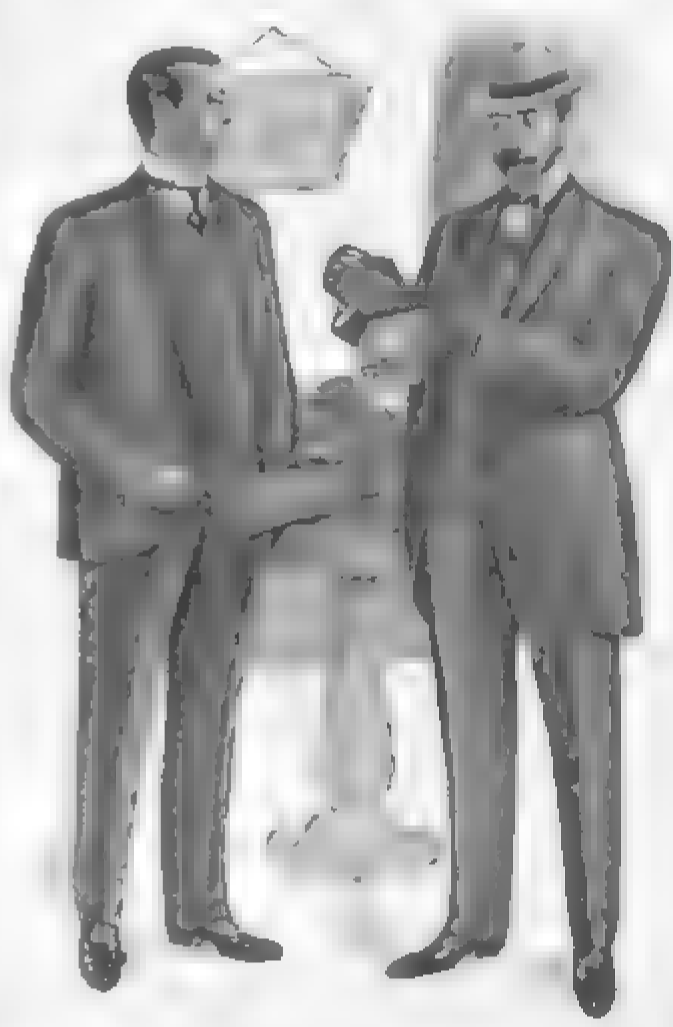

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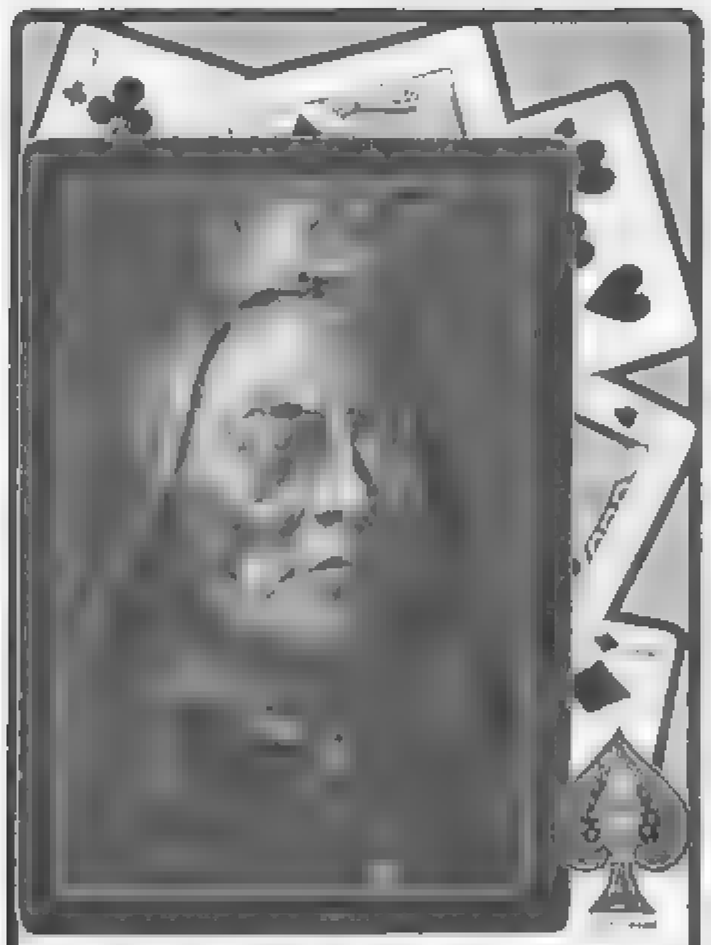

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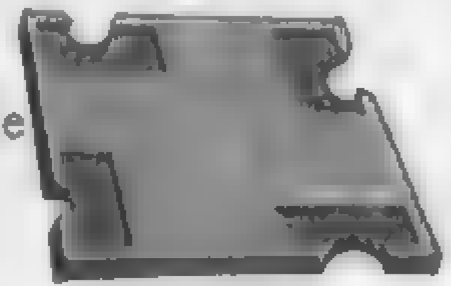

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HANS' HENS

A Monologue

By Charles Battell Loomis

DID I tole you aboud my jungest son, yes? He is an imertaler. De udder day my [illegible] boy who is goin' to be a Padarefski vas knockin' der scales off der blano, an' der secon' son who had been fishin' was knockin' der scales off a fish, an' so liddle Karl he runs him into der grocery store unt knocks der scales off der counter.

Ain' dot silly? I shoost made der feerst two boys do dot scales bizziness so dot I could make up dot van aboud Karl. Und a funny t'ing aboud id iss dot I haven't two udder boys at all. Only shoost Karl, unt he iss my nephew.

My mudder-in-law she is my aunt. She vas my aunt ven I vas born but she didn't get to be my mudder-in-law until I married Katrina. Katrina iss her daughder unt my vife. I vish dot Katrina's mudder vas only my aunt yet — ain'd id? Dere is somedings about a mudder-in-law dat ubseds peeble. Shoost to look at Katrina's mudder you vould t'ink she vas no vairse dan an aunt, but dat iss pecause she neffer vould haf come to liff mit you. Eef I am cross mit Katrina my mudder-in-law alvays takes Katrina's sides unt makes me sorry she vas not my aunt only, alretty yet. She says dot she objectut to cousins becomin' vifes, unt I say dot I objec' to aunts becomin' mudder-in-laws unt so it goes from vairse to bad until I vish dot Katrina had married out of der family.

De udder day I took my vife unt her mudder to zee Kellar, unt he dit zome vondairful tricks, unt at lest he made der vanishing lady trick. After der show vas over I vent to see Kellar unt asked him if he vould take some money avay from me to make my mudder-in-law vanish, unt vot do you suppose he said? Dot he couldn't do id pecause she vasn't a lady.

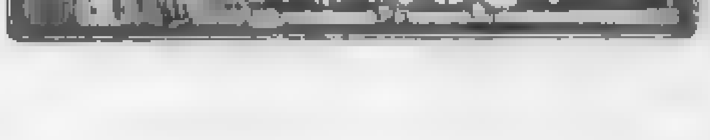
Of course, I see der choke pecause I haff lived in dees condry t'irty year unt I know my mudder-in-law, but ven I vent home unt tole Kellar's funny choke to her she does not at all der point zee. She is so mat unt uses such langwitches dot I tole her dot if she didn'd look out she vould spoil der pleasure of her visit mit me, unt dot make her so mat dot she say she vill not stay to be insul[illegible] she vent home. So I write to Kellar how much I owed him, pecause eefen if my mudder-in-law vas not a lady she had vanished.

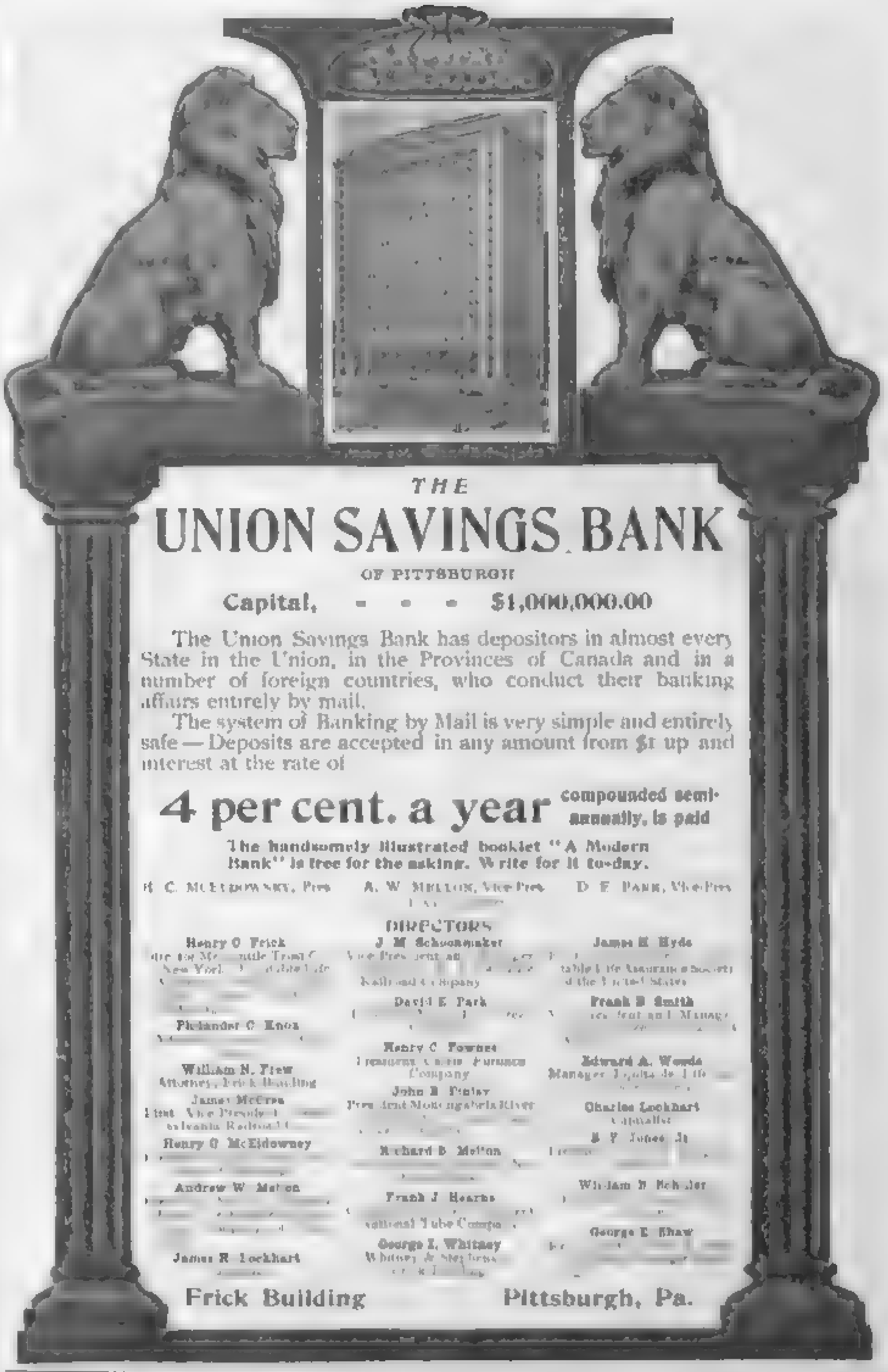
I vant to ask you for der remetty for my schickens layin' so funny. I haf a dozen of schickens, unt a neighbor tells me dot if I don'd vant dem to be stoled I make dem roost high. Unt I ask him how I shall teach dem to roost at all, unt he say, "Get a rooster, unt ven dey see him roost dey vill become roosters, too." But I guess dot iss hiss choke.

But I make der perches ten feet high unt dot iss all righd; der hens go up dair unt sit down, but in der morning dey are s[illegible] dey are afrait to come down unt so dey lay dem eggs up dere. Dey are splendut schickens unt lay big eggs, better as der groceryman has, but de eggs fall so far dot de yolk run out of der shell der mind dey hit der grount. Now I don'd know vot to do. Eighd, nine, ten eggs a day iss laid, but dey is all broken ven dey hid der grount. Of course, uff dere vas no grount dey vouldn'd get breaked, unt dot giff me an idea. I dell Katrina dot der grount iss too hard unt I ought to get swan's down, unt she say better I get der schickens's down.

But ven nearly sixty eggs iss all smashet on der floor of der hen-house I make up a plan dot is all righd. I buy me tvelff boys' caps for fifty cents abiece unt I fasjens dem on tvelff poles so dot dey come under der hens unt ven I go ond [illegible] dere iss an egg in each cap. [illegible] unless a man uses [illegible] zome peebles don'd have success mit hens is pecause dey don'd use chudgment.

But experience has school poys. De nex' time I buy me some secon' han' caps, pecause ven I pay me six dollars out for caps to get tvelff eggs it is too much. Unt anyvay der hens don'd lay any more pecause d[illegible] sick from livin' on a perch all der vile. I, too, vould get sick from livin' on a perch pecause I hate fish.





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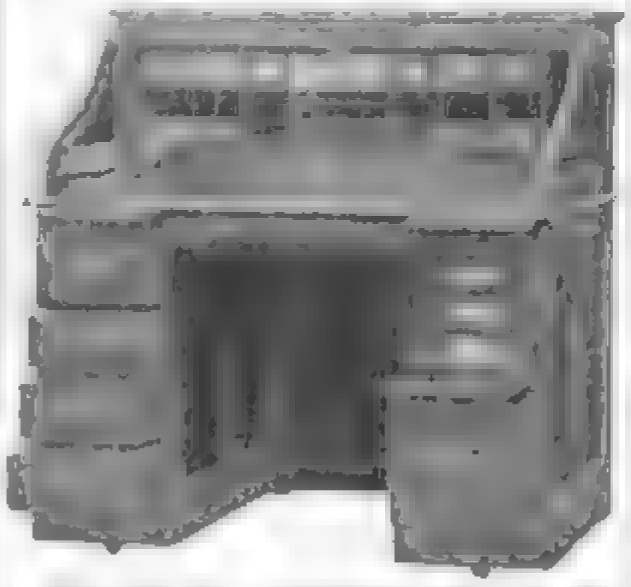

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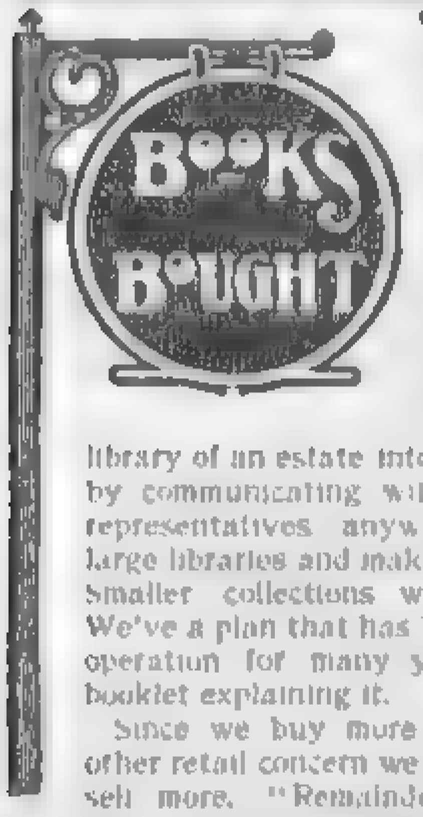

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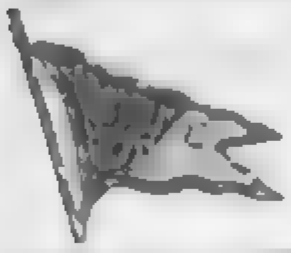

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Literary Folk

Their Ways and Their Work

THE MODERN HISTORICAL NOVEL—Why Americans have made such a botch of it—Its discouragements to writer and reader.

¶ The writer of an historical novel has a very serious array of difficulties to face. To begin with, he enters the lists against a company of tried favorites, among whom he must count such names as Scott, Dumas, Cooper, Thackeray, Kingsley, Blackmore and Stevenson. In the second place he must encounter a strong prejudice on the part of publisher, reviewer and reader alike. That such a prejudice exists is no fault of the historical novel, but rather of the easy temptations which lie in wait between the writer and his ambition, temptations which latterly have too often compassed his downfall. He will presumably be guided, by his reading and his natural inclination, to imitating—in no offensive sense—the work of some one of the masters. He will strive for the rapid action and brilliant *entourage* of Dumas; he will plunge into local color as did Flaubert in Salammbô, or he will pause to reconstruct, to body forth anew, some vital force of the century as did Scott with Louis XI in Quentin Durward; the unlucky James, last of the Stuarts, in the Fortunes of Nigel, or Cromwell in Woodstock. It is nothing against the worth of his enterprise, but it is very much against the likelihood of his success that he should be an American of the present generation, approaching a past with which he is less and less in sympathy—whatever he may believe—from a distance which widens not with the years alone. The reason we have never found the "American Novel," in the sense in which we long since found the English novel, in, say, Fielding's Tom Jones, is that the artist who should consciously set about the creation of such a novel, a novel representative of the country at large, would be at a loss where to begin. We had the civilization of the Puritans; and Hawthorne, born of Puritan ancestry, and steeped in the Puritan past which still shadowed New England of his time, gave us The Scarlet Letter, in which the dour Puritan melancholy glooms over every page. We had a brief return to a primeval civilization in California of '49, and it gave us Bret Harte. We had the patriarchal civilization of the plantations—and, well, no one has given us that. Those civilizations are now dry dust, blown to the winds; there is no immediate likelihood of another Scarlet Letter or another Luck of Roaring Camp. And what do we get in their place? Why, we get Miss Mary Wilkins' stories of New England, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's or Mr. Joel Chandler Harris' stories of Southern reconstruction, a story of New York, Chicago, Boston or San Francisco society or slums, a story of New Mexico, "the country God forgot," a story of the Tennessee mountaineers, the Alaska miners—everything, anything, much of it praiseworthy from every standpoint, all of it interesting from some standpoint, but none of it National, none of it American in the broadest sense.

The writer of the historical novel is bound by the same limitations. He cannot trace back his past, step by step of a familiar path. He cannot, as Scott did, change the dress of his peasant or his gentleman, and draw him from the life for the same character in another century. A New England farmer of to-day, tired, discouraged, impoverished by the competition of the West, could never masquerade as a Pilgrim father; he would be ludicrous, inadequate.

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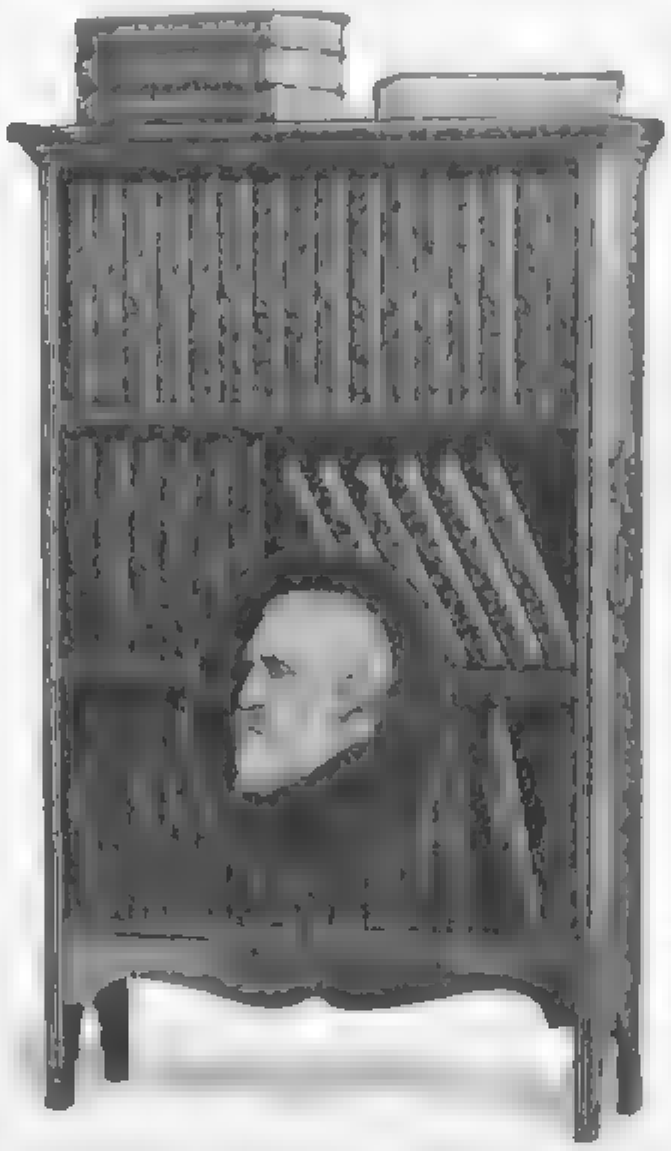

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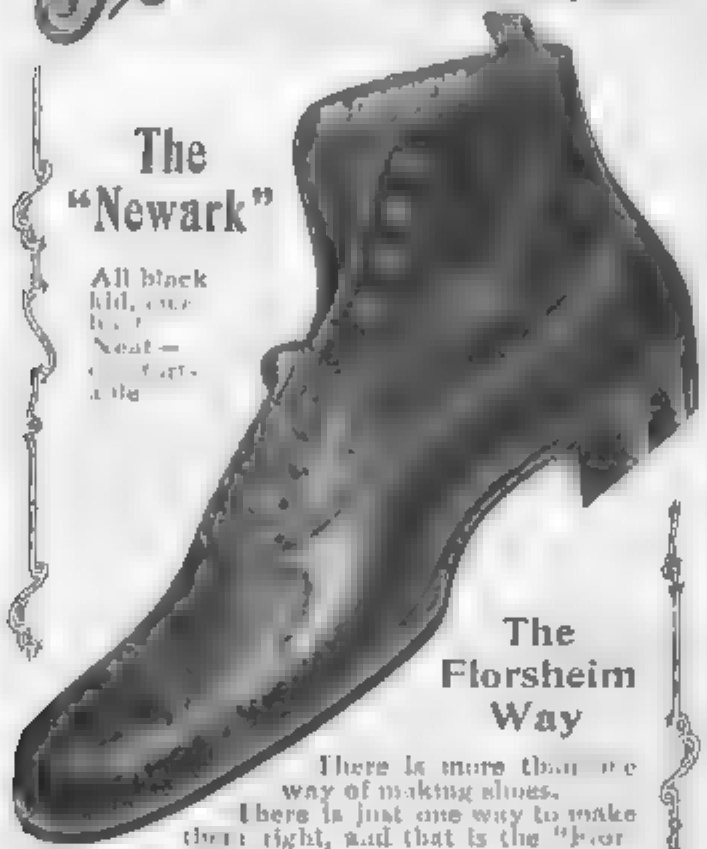

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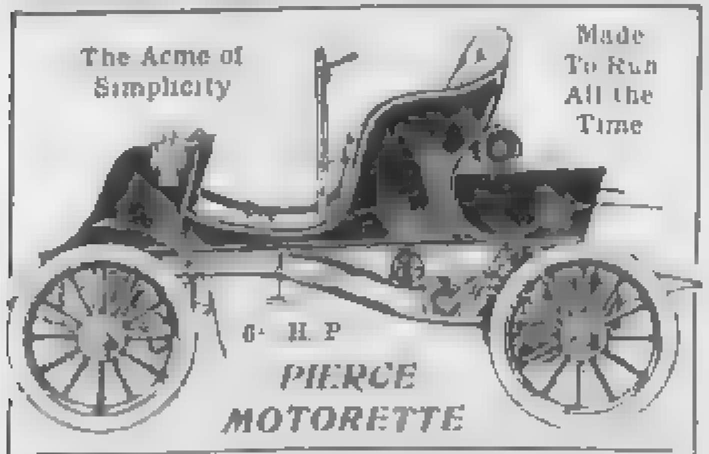

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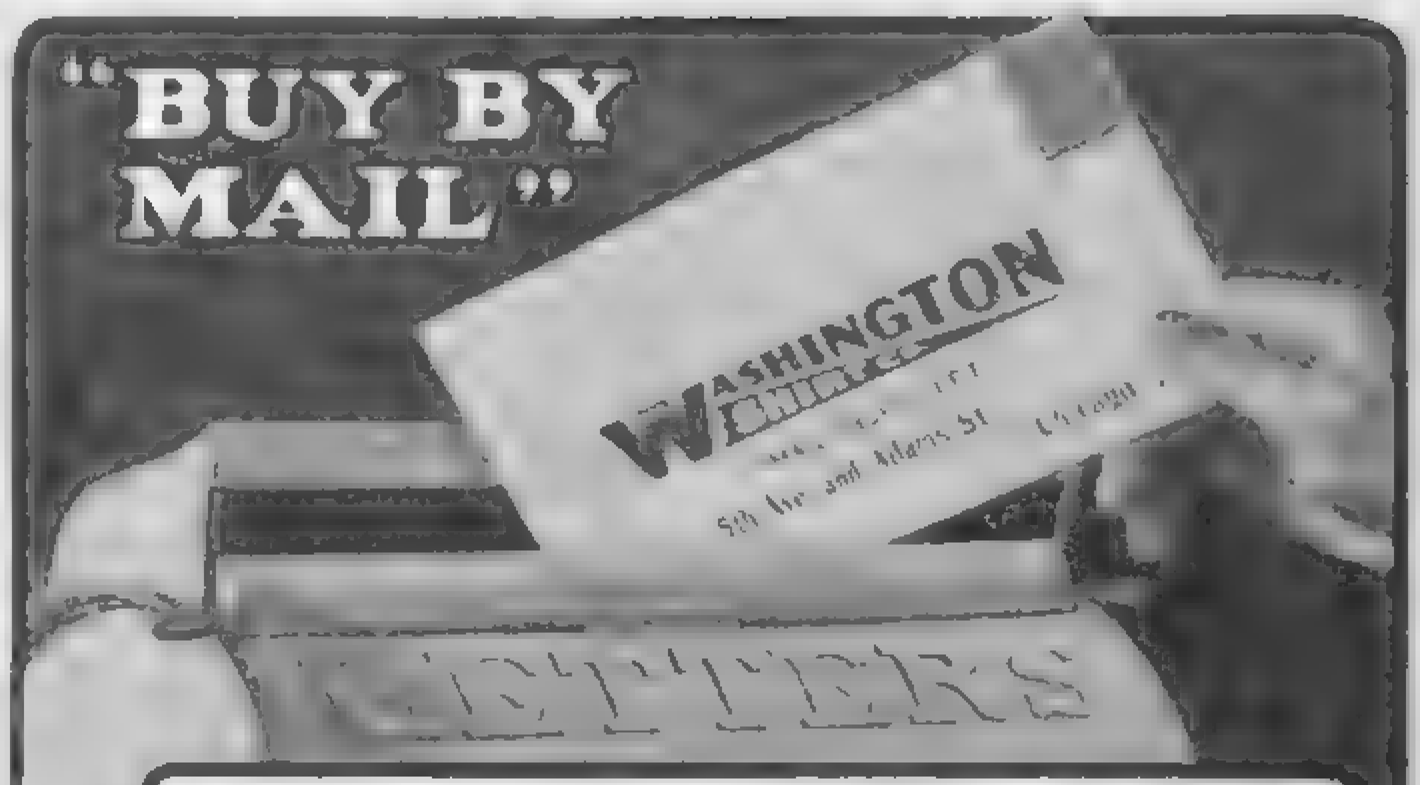
is historical Not to quibble on the word, it seems doubtful if the writer of fiction embodying his own experience can rightly name his method historical, though admittedly the result may become historic and material for the student of history. With another generation age will lend it a finer flavor of antiquity and a truer charm of romance than ever the author could evoke from a book-learned past

Just this line of distinction, with just the severances we might expect, divides Mr Churchill Williams' Captain from Mr. George Cary Eggleston's Master of Warlock. Both are stories of the Civil War with certain points of resemblance and certain similar devices of plot, but widely divergent aims and methods In both stories the action revolves largely around two young men, fast friends, of different temperament, one a dreamer and student, one the doer. In both stories there are fascinating young women who dare much for the cause: Mr. Eggleston's Agatha and Mr Williams' Beatrix both become nurses in the Southern hospitals; and both young ladies finally clear away the misunderstandings which separate them from their lovers

So much of resemblance is perhaps natural On the other hand, the Captain is the story of Grant's days at Gravois and his Mississippi campaign. It is intended that Grant, who was known at Gravois in the interval of his retirement from the army as "the Captain," should be the central figure of the action which goes on about him but which he touches at the edges only; his name is given to the book, it is his portrait which is to be painted Such an effort is a difficult, a thankless, almost an impossible task. When Dumas dealt with Richelieu and Louis he dealt with names and traditions. He had a certain tone to preserve, but he was at liberty to put any words in his characters' mouths, to attribute to them any motives, to impute to them any acts which went along with the unfolding of his narrative. And as a writer of narrative par excellence — or as Stevenson called himself, an Epick Writer — he was too good a craftsman to mistake his opportunities. There were no painfully culled anecdotes of the great Cardinal, no shrinking from a free use of plastic license; Richelieu or Mazarin, Louis or Anne of Austria, Henry or Chicot they entered into the story, they went to the building of the piece. Mr. Williams cannot so handle Grant. Public opinion would not let him — there is too great a mass of circumstantiated anecdote, there are too many men alive who remember Grant in the flesh, for any but the highest genius and courage to make the attempt. And it would be even then an attempt of doubtful outcome. The result for Mr. Williams is a tight, traditional drawing of Grant, and a sparing introduction of his presence, except under the safest circumstances, in the narrative. The reader is in the dilemma of neglecting Grant for the story or neglecting the story for Grant.

Mr. Eggleston, who was educated at Richmond College and served in the Confederate Army, writes out of his own experience as did Mr. Wister, and by avoiding the temptation to introduce Lee, Jefferson, Lincoln or the larger personalities which dominated the times, escapes these dangers and difficulties Stuart, the cavalry raider, a brilliant and dashing figure, but of no national reputation in the sense that Lee or Grant have reputation, he uses freely and tactfully with no jar on accepted prejudices. Stuart is a figure of interest and attraction in his pages, but one who appears never for his own sake and only as the narrative demands He is a serviceable working character in the mechanism of the plot. Mr. Eggleston, too, has the advantage of Mr. Williams in his more fluent and precise style — a style which has no sudden drops, which is always adequate to the conduct of a swift and complicated narrative. A failing which may be forgiven a veteran is a disposition to philosophize on the chances of war. However, these digressions are few and brief, and, taken in the mass, they undoubtedly aid in the admirable effect attained of a complete and united society animated and moved by common ideals under a common understanding, in which the characters move of their own volition, indeed, but under the compulsion of something stronger than any individual initiative. Mr. Eggleston was aided in this work, as we have pointed out by his personal knowledge of actual conditions, by his sympathy with a high-spirited, if now overruled, idealism, and by the existence of the material at hand, which every artist who wishes to work for more than passing local results must have: a firmly founded and widely understood set of beliefs, prejudices and desires, an organized and completed society.



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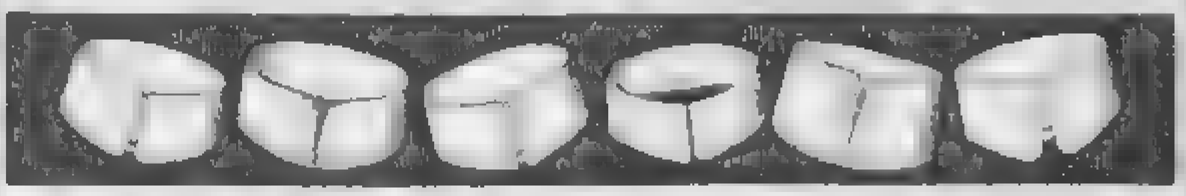

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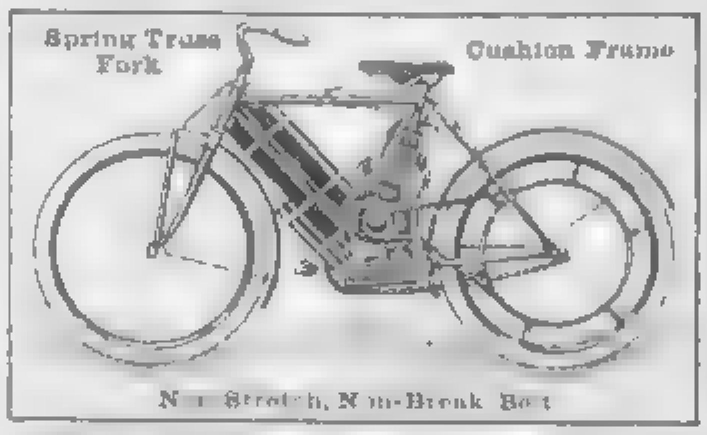

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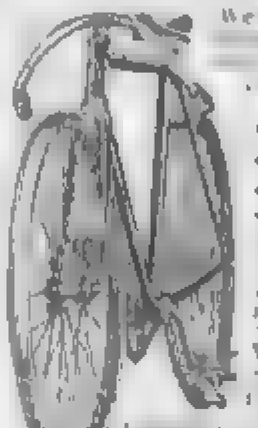

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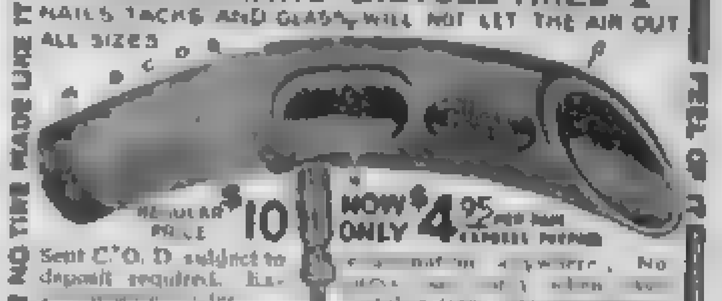

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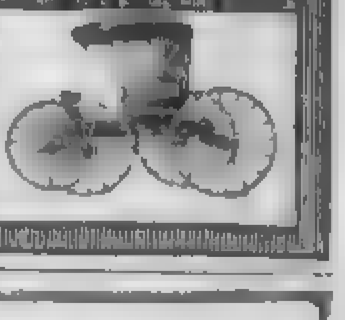

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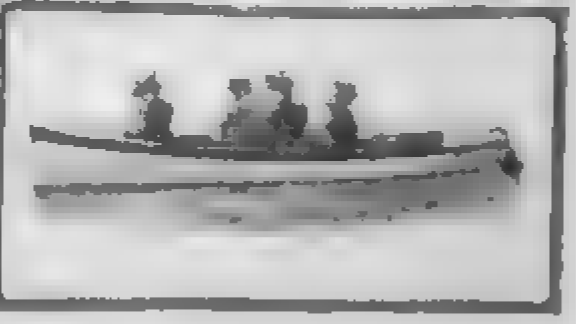

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Life insurance companies have fully established the fact that the use of coffee causes an organic derangement of the heart, shortening the long beat and imperiling life. For this reason habitual coffee drinkers are refused life insurance in many cases. A well-known merchant of White's Creek, Tenn., proprietor of a large store there, says:—"Three years ago I was examined for life insurance and to my surprise was rejected because my heart action was at times out of place 15 beats in 60.

"I consulted several good doctors and was invariably asked by them 'Do you drink ardent spirits? use tobacco? or drink coffee?' To the first I answered 'Very little,' to the second 'No,' to the last 'Yes,' and they would all say 'Quit coffee.'

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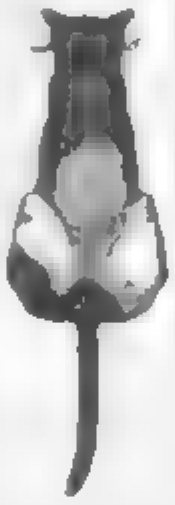
Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science



DURING the last fifty years the production of vegetable food in this country has grown faster than the population, whereas the available supply of animal food to-day is considerably less per capita than it was in 1850. Such, at all events, are the conclusions drawn by experts of the Department of Agriculture, who have figured out some interesting facts in this line.

With the exception of chickens, there are to-day fewer domestic animals of every food-producing kind in the United States than there were half a century ago. On the other hand, while the population during that period has increased three and a quarter times, the production of barley has been multiplied by 24, of wheat by 7.5, of oats by 8.5, of Indian corn by 5.5, and of potatoes by 5. But the output of rye, buckwheat, peas and beans, sweet potatoes, and sugar has considerably diminished per capita since 1850.

The enormous increase in the production of barley seems odd, in view of the fact that this cereal, formerly so important as human food, has been almost entirely driven out of such use by potatoes. But, of course, the phenomenon is explained by the fact that nearly all of the barley now raised is being converted into brewers' malt. California is the greatest producer of barley in this country, Minnesota second, and Wisconsin third.

In earlier days nearly all the people in the United States were food producers; almost every family had its own garden patch, at least; but, with the increasing density of population, the older States have acquired a growing proportion of non producers of food, who must be fed by the food producers. Relatively, the consumers of food have increased faster than the producers of food.

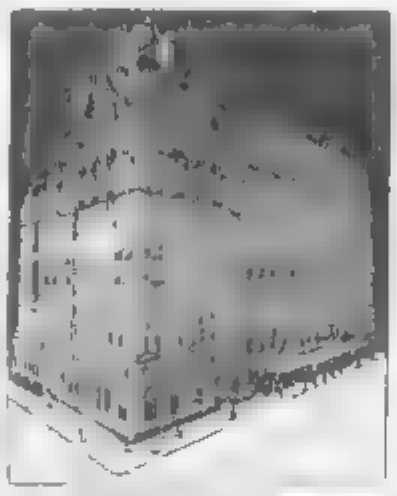
It is a curious fact that the District of Columbia raises more sweet potatoes than any State of the Union, though its area is only sixty square miles. The greatest corn-producing State is Illinois, which also bears off the palm for oats. Of other cereals, most wheat is raised in Minnesota, most rye in Wisconsin, most buckwheat in Pennsylvania, and most rice in Louisiana. Michigan stands first in beans and peas, and New York in potatoes and onions.

New York is first in apples, Pennsylvania in cherries, and Maryland in strawberries. California is far in the lead in pears, besides producing nearly all of the apricots and more plums than all the other States put together. New York is first in raspberries and currants, and is second only to California in grapes. Nearly all the almonds come from California, all the home-grown coconuts are raised in three counties of Florida; domestic English walnuts are almost exclusively from the Golden State, and more than half of the pecan nuts come from Texas.

PALM BEACH AT HOME—How human ingenuity has improved upon Nature with a perpetuated natural palm leaf.

HUMAN ingenuity has improved upon Nature in the production of palms, and the so-called "perpetuated natural palm leaves" have supplanted the natural growth in many restaurants and other places of popular resort. But it was reserved for a recent inventor to devise a method, which he has patented, of constructing artificial palms in sections. These may be placed one upon another in such a way as to make a tree of any desired height, and holes are provided in which green sticks (representing the leaf stems) are inserted, a real palm leaf being attached to the end of each stick. The sections of trunk are wrapped with coconut fibre, so that the effect shall be wholly realistic.

Sectional palms of this kind are used extensively at the present time for the decoration of churches at weddings, being set up in the chancel as a background for flowering plants and cut flowers. It is not practicable, ordinarily, to convey into the church real palms of sufficient height for the purpose, and the counterfeit ones produce the same effect.



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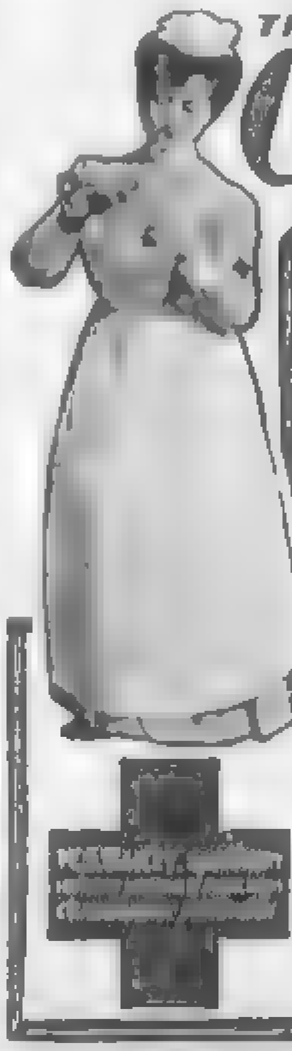

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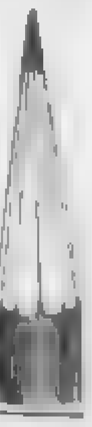

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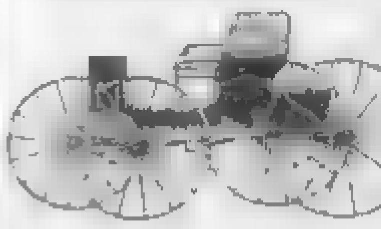

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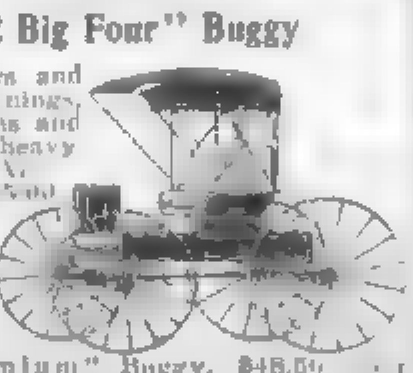

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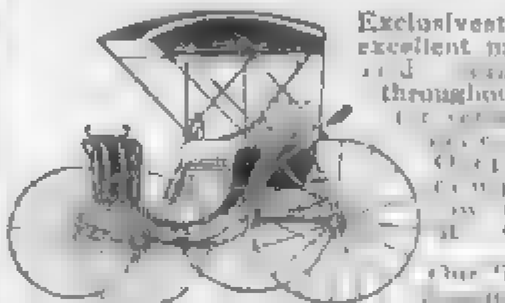

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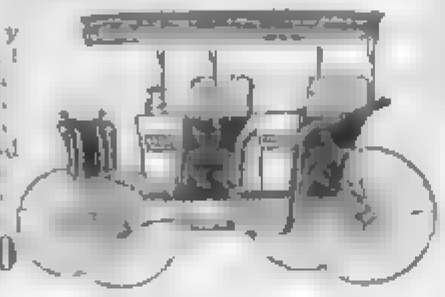

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As a further measure of convenience and economy at church weddings, paper flowers are used nowadays in place of real ones for decorating the upper parts of floral arches. Nobody can possibly tell the difference; there is a saving of many costly roses or orchids; and, what is most important, much of the work can be done in advance, leaving only the filling out of the design with real blossoms for the morning before the ceremony. Of course, the real flowers are employed for the lower portions of the arches, and wherever else they are likely to be examined.

The rose trees commonly used, and with such beautiful effect, at church weddings and in ballrooms are usually artificial, in part, at least. Set in pots, they have all the appearance of the natural article, the trunks being real enough; but the foliage and flowers, though not themselves an imitation, are merely fastened to the trunks by thrusting the branches and stems through loops of wire.

AN INSECT AUGER — A cricket with an arsenal that would fit out a small boy's pocket-knife.

AMONG the species of animals and insects brought to light by scientific exploration of the island possessions of the United States none perhaps is more remarkable than the changa, or mole cricket (*scapteriscus didactylus*), of Porto Rico.

This fierce and mysterious insect, which in Porto Rico destroys more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of growing crops annually, and which thus far has defied attempts at its extermination, has four jaws, each provided with six strong teeth and a blade. It has also four eyes. In excavating the changa rotates its big head like an auger, thus smoothing the walls of the passageway.

The joints and tips of its legs are provided with spadelike teeth. Its ears — at least its auditory organs — are at its elbows, protected by a raised fold. Hair on its body protects it from moist earth. Between this hair and the body air-tight compartments prevent the changa from drowning when freshets descend upon its habitat. It is most at home when under the surface of the earth. It can fly, however, but does not venture out save on the darkest nights.

In attacking cane or tobacco plants it first severs the roots with its powerful mandibles and then pulls the plants part way into its corridors. The result is that a sugar cane or tobacco field with plants six inches above the ground one day will, on the next day after the changa has attacked it, show perhaps but two inches above the surface. After the changa has satisfied its hunger it has a mania for destroying every growing thing within reach. A colony of these underground pests will in a night destroy an entire crop of cane, tobacco, rice, cabbage, tomatoes or turnips. Having accomplished their work of devastation they will emerge and start on an overland trip to the next farm.

HASH À LA FILIPINO — The new ration which the Government is furnishing soldiers in the Philippines.

THE War Department has just sent to the Philippines, as an experiment, 10,000 cans of a new kind of army ration. It is called "roast beef hash," and is confidently expected to solve the long-puzzling problem of furnishing to our soldiers in the field a perfectly healthful and appetizing article of meat diet.

Soldiers must have meat, and during a campaign many difficulties are in the way of furnishing it. Cured meat will not do; it must be fresh. To drive cattle in sufficient numbers along with an army is not ordinarily practicable. In the Philippines frozen beef from Australia is made to serve to some extent, where troops are not far from the seaports, and it remains in good condition for about twenty days. But in active service in the field canned meat is the only thing that fills the requirements.

Tinned meats for military purposes obtained a rather bad reputation during the last war with Spain, but since then the Commissary Bureau of the War Department has been experimenting with a view to the production of something more satisfactory, and the "roast beef hash" referred to represents the final and successful result. It is quite as good and appetizing as any dish of hash served on the tables of well-to-do people, and it contains a considerable proportion of potatoes and onions — ingredients which are of important value because of their healthfulness. Provided with a few cans of this hash the soldier can get along very comfortably for a good many days, so far as food is concerned, though cut off from supply trains.

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is on the ocean front of Staten Island, improved by wide, handsomely macadamized streets, granolithic sidewalks and curbing, sewers, and strong, healthy shade trees. These improvements have cost us over $[illegible], they cost you absolutely nothing, while the high class residences to be constructed during the coming year will add increased value to your purchase. You will be actually [illegible] by writing us immediately for full particulars. Better still, sit down right now and mail us $5.00 as your first instalment on a lot with the assurance that we will use our best judgment in making selection and protect your interests at every point. We will do all in our power to make your investment return you fourfold its value and the fault will be yours if you do not take advantage of this splendid opportunity. Real Estate is the safest investment in the world and is a perpetual available and ever increasing source of wealth. Prices of lots from $[illegible].00 to $1,000.00

WHITLOCK REALTY CO., Dept. P, 10 W. 23d St., New York

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $ ____ as first payment on ____ lot at Whitlock, Borough of Richmond, Greater New York. Please send me full particulars of the proposition.

[illegible] information only is desired.

NAME

Street and No.

City and State

WHITLOCK REALTY CO.

Bank References

Alvord & Quackenbush, Mgrs.
10 W. 23d St., Cor. 5th Ave., NEW YORK

LEARN TO WRITE SHORTHAND

STENOGRAPHY AS IT SHOULD BE TAUGHT, AND AS NO OTHER MAN EVER TAUGHT IT.

[illegible] always stood for the highest standard of correspondence instruction [illegible] are placed under the direct personal instruction of Robert F. Rose, the official [illegible] accompanying the late President McKinley [illegible] is given the advantage of expert, practical instruction from the very start and he therefore learns nothing that [illegible] later in the [illegible] READ [illegible] proficiency makes them self-confident [illegible] our graduates [illegible] the speed of stenographers of any other system [illegible] qualify them for expert court reporting [illegible]

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Our $3 Brusselo Art Rug CARPETS Your Floor

[illegible] They should be bright and [illegible] guaranteed more serviceable than higher [illegible]

[illegible] specify color and size desired. Sent C.O.D., if preferred. Express charges prepaid.

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9 ft x 6 ft	$3.00
9 ft x 7 ft	3.50
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QUAKER CITY TEXTILE CO., 419 to 422 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GUYOT SUSPENDERS [illegible] easiest and most com[illegible] [illegible] made. Have indestructible buttonholes. If your [illegible] doesn't keep them send 50 cents for sample pair. OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

PATENT SECURED [illegible]

FREE [illegible] EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Deafness Overcome

Louisville man originates a simple little device that instantly restores the hearing—fits perfectly, comfortably and does not show.

190-page book FREE: tells all about it

Since the discovery of a Louisville man it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube or any such old-fashioned device, for it is now possible for any one to hear perfectly by a simple invention that fits in the ear and cannot be detected. The honor belongs to Mr. George H. Wilson, of Louisville, who was himself deaf and now hears as well as any one. He calls it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, is built on the strictest scientific principles, containing no metal of any kind, and is entirely new in every respect. It is so small that no one can see it, but nevertheless it collects all sound waves and diverts them against the drum-head, causing you to hear perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed, or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the hearer irritation, and can be used with comfort day or night.

It will relieve deafness whether acquired from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gathering in the ear, shocks from artillery or through accidents. It not only relieves, but stays the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. It does this in a simple, sure and scientific way. The effect is immediate.

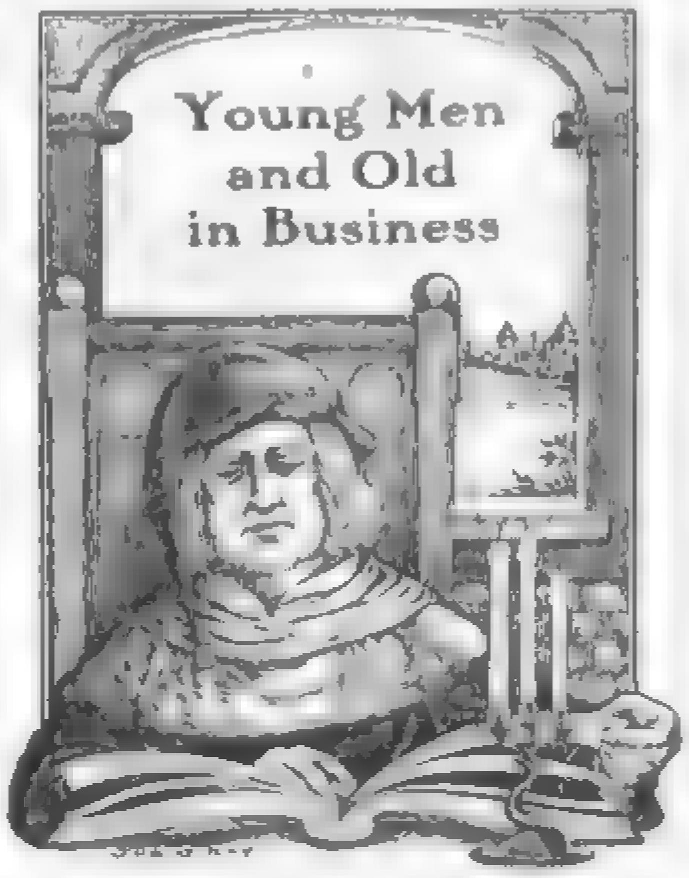
Let every person who needs this at once send to the company for its 190-page book, which you can have free. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains many bona-fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India. These letters are from people in every station of life—clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc.—and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from the use of this wonderful little device. You will find among them the names of people in your own town or State, and you are at liberty to write to any of them you wish and secure their opinion as to the merits of the only scientific ear drums for restoring the hearing to its normal condition.

Write to-day and it will not be long before you are again hearing. Address, for the free book and convincing evidence,

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.

764 Todd Building **Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.**

GETTING ON


Young Men and Old in Business

Life Rules of Leaders

By Arthur Twining Hadley

President of Yale University

TELL nothing but the truth to any one. If a case arises where it is hard to be both truthful and courteous, put all the thought you can spare upon solving the problem.

Tell the whole truth to yourself. If you have made a mistake, face the facts squarely. Do not worry about it, for a mistake is seldom fatal unless it has been repeated. But do not excuse it, for this means that you surely will repeat it until it becomes fatal.

Do not think about one piece of business when you ought to be thinking about another; and above all things, do not think about any business when you ought to be sleeping.

Believe in people's good intentions, even when you cannot approve their actions or concur in their judgment; but beware of concurring in their judgment or approving their actions merely because you believe in their good intentions.

Believe in your friends, in your associates, in your work. Believe in God just as fully as your intellectual constitution will allow—not necessarily as the subject of a creed, but as an unseen ruler of the universe, who is somehow going to bring things out more squarely than our limited vision can comprehend.

By General W. A. Bancroft

President of the Boston Elevated Railway

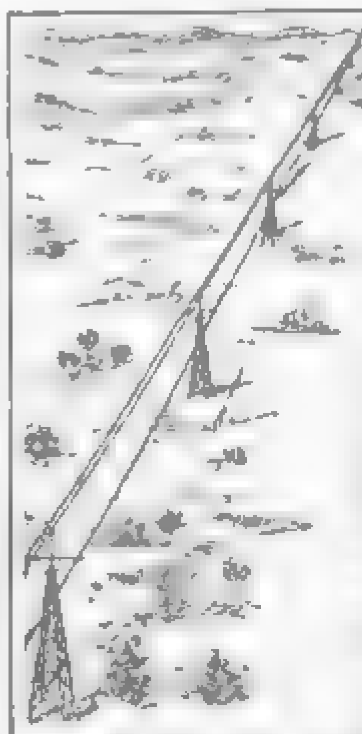
BE INDUSTRIOUS. To do this keep in good health. Get adequate sleep; get adequate exercise in the fresh air; be moderate in eating and drinking. Better totally abstain from the use of alcoholic drinks, and even from tea and coffee. There are times when a busy man must work hard for a long period and become thereby exhausted. When this is necessary, plan to recuperate, and recuperate. For a busy man so to care for his health means many sacrifices. For example: One may have to give up an attractive evening's entertainment for the sake of making up one's sleep; one may have to forego the pleasure of meeting agreeable acquaintances for the sake of taking suitable exercise in the open air. But in order to be for the greatest portion of the time in the best condition to do hard work it is essential to preserve one's health. It is not, therefore, enough to resolve to be industrious. A man who disregards the rules of health may do half again as much work as another man of the same capacity who regards these rules—but the first will not last.

Try to deal fairly with every one, and try, if possible, to satisfy every one that it is your intention to deal fairly with him. Sometimes it is not in a person's power to do what he knows is just, and yet it may be his intention to be just.

Be attentive to small things—that is, never neglect to do anything because it seems trifling or unimportant, if it can be done as well as not.

Do perfunctory things as soon as they can be done, but be thoughtful—that is, do not do a thing simply because it can be done to-day. It may appear to-morrow that it ought not to have been done to-day. Reflection may show conclusively that this is so. One ought to have a reason for doing whatever one does.

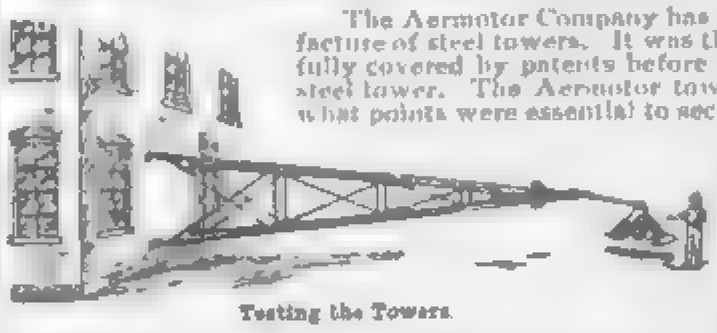
110 Miles of Steel Towers



THE largest order ever placed for steel towers has just been executed by the Aermotor Company, Chicago. The order was for 1200 steel towers to support large electric cables. These towers are to be erected in the interior of Mexico [illegible] ty from an immense water po[illegible] [illegible] The order for these towers [illegible] [illegible] The [illegible] Company for [illegible] steel towers, for windmills and other purposes, [illegible] [illegible] When the engineering and [illegible] [illegible] up their specifications for these towers, they found [illegible] in the construction of the Aermotor tower where they could suggest improvement. The sizes of some of the parts were changed to meet [illegible] needs, but the design of the towers remained precisely the same as the Aermotor Company perfected it years ago.

It was of very great importance to the company buying these towers to secure the greatest possible strength with the least material. These towers were to be placed about 500 feet apart. The weight of the long [illegible] would be a very heavy load, to say nothing of the enormous [illegible] [illegible] too, the contingency of one or more of the cables [illegible] and throwing [illegible] parts of the towers, had to be considered. The Aermotor Company guaranteed these towers to stand until the 3 inch, extra strong wrought iron pipe in the [illegible] over. They stood this very severe test without the least indication of buckling in any part of the tower.

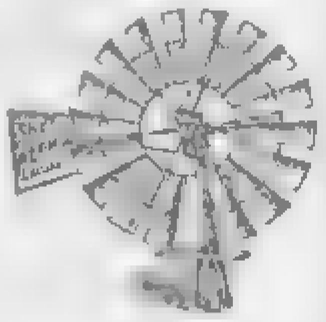
The [illegible] freight was another important consideration. These towers, as built by the Aermotor Company, made over 75 carloads. No other concern could have furnished towers of anything like the same strength with less than 100 cars of material.



Testing the Towers

The Aermotor Company has a very great advantage over all others in the manufacture of steel towers. It was the first in the field, and had all the most vital features fully covered by patents before competitors were through laughing at the idea of a steel tower. The Aermotor tower was designed by mechanical experts who knew what points were essential to secure the greatest strength with the least material.

The tops of the corner posts of the Aermotor towers are dovetailed into each other and securely clamped together. This makes them as solid as though they were welded into a single piece. This patented device in the Aermotor tower brings all of the strain directly upon the corner posts where it belongs. The braces and [illegible] nothing to do but hold the corners in line. [illegible] other makers are not able to [illegible] feature, they are compelled to use a large amount of extra material [illegible] and even then their towers are not so strong. Weight often indicates weakness rather than strength. All the weight not needed serves only to bring additional strain upon the parts which must bear it.



The best steel tower, like the best bicycle, is the one which secures the greatest strength with the least possible material. The Aermotor tower is strong, safe and durable. Every pound of steel which is put into it is used to the best advantage. A tower twice as heavy, but poorly constructed, would be weaker.

The tower is a very important consideration in buying a windmill outfit. If the tower goes down, the best windmill will be worthless.

WRITE FOR OUR WINDMILL BOOK

We have a book that tells all about windmills. It begins with the Dutch windmills of 1400 and ends with the Aermotor of 1903. It contains 125 pictures to show you what wind[illegible] they should be. It tells all that invention has done for [illegible] When you read it [illegible] windmills. You will know the right kind from the [illegible] kind and know all the differences. To avoid a mistake don't buy without reading it. The book is free. Simply write for it.

AERMOTOR CO., 1319 Twelfth Street, CHICAGO

A FOX COPY HOLDER

WILL BE SENT FREE ON TRIAL

[illegible] $2.00. [illegible]

[illegible] less fatigue and increases speed at least [illegible]

Send for particulars of our **Free Trial Plan** whereby you can get a Fox Typewriter on trial for ten days. *Catalogue Sent on Request.*

FOX TYPEWRITER CO. Ltd.
600 N. Front Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan

overnment Positions

More than 13,000 appointments made last year. Chances better for 1903. [illegible] whom we prepared by mail have been appointed. Established 1893. Full particulars *free* concerning government positions, salaries paid, examinations—when and where held in every State, our methods, etc. Write to-day.

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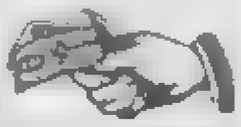
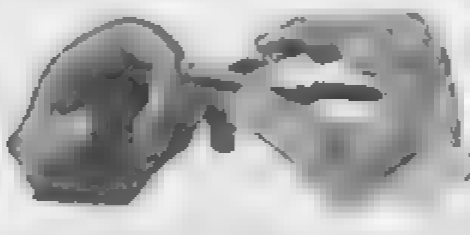


Money Making Education [illegible] Teaching by Mail. LEARN AT HOME. Illustrating, Cartooning, Law, Pharmacy, Med[illegible] Nursing, Book-keeping, [illegible] [illegible]

National Correspondence Schools [illegible] Indianapolis, U. S. A.

KLIP-KLIP The Pocket Manicure



[illegible] plated. Sent post paid on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't it. 25c

KLIP-KLIP CO., 570 So. Clinton St., Rochester, N. Y.

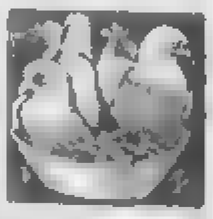
PERFECTLY HYGIENIC

absolutely non-absorbent, free [illegible] vermin, soft, silky, springy [illegible]

Eaybed kapok Mattress superior to all others. Will you try it thirty nights at our expense, all charges prepaid? Booklet FREE

The A. A. Bohnert Co., Dept. M, Cincinnati, O.

Squab Book Free



Squabs are raised in one month, bring big [illegible] Eager market. Astonishing profits [illegible] for women and invalids. Use your [illegible] Small space and capital [illegible] *thing worth looking into.* [illegible] FREE BOOK, How to Make Money With Squabs.

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.
3 Friend Street Boston, Mass.

HOW SHALL A YOUNG MAN SUCCEED?

The most helpful thing is a good working knowledge of the great science and art of advertising. It will make him keener, brighter—more efficient all the rest of his life. He can turn his knowledge into money. Many "ad-writers" earn $20 to $100 a week, and more. And few employees have so good a chance for advancement. The position is pleasant, lucrative and dignified. My method of instruction is so simple and complete, that any man, or woman, with a good command of the English language can, in three months, acquire sufficient knowledge to begin to earn money, though I keep in touch with my students, and help them, and advise them for a whole year.

To those who are interested enough to forward 6 cents to cover mailing, I will send, free, booklets and other matter, including, among other things, "How Shall a Young Man Succeed?" "The Ill-Fortune of Brother Bill," "Other People's Brains," "Who Should Study Advertising," "Why Advertising Should be Studied," "Why and How Advertising can be Taught."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES **129 Nassau Street, New York**

Correct
Spring Suits
Made to your Measure
Quality and Fit Guaranteed $18

We cut and finish our garments in our own shops. Before you order your Spring suit send for [illegible] logue VH [illegible]. It contains a full line of desirable and latest style fabrics for suits at from $10.50 to $25. We guarantee to please you at a saving of one-third or more over [illegible] ers ask for ready-made garments. A trial is all we ask—your money back if you are not satisfied. Thirty-one years' reputation for honest values and fair dealing back of our guarantee.

V 10747 the suit we offer for $18, is made of fine quality, all wool cassimere. Pattern is a neat gray, broken check, with a faint overplaid of [illegible] and blue threads nicely blending. Distinctly new, out of the ordinary and stylish. Sample is shown in Catalogue VH Made in any style, sack or cutaway frock.

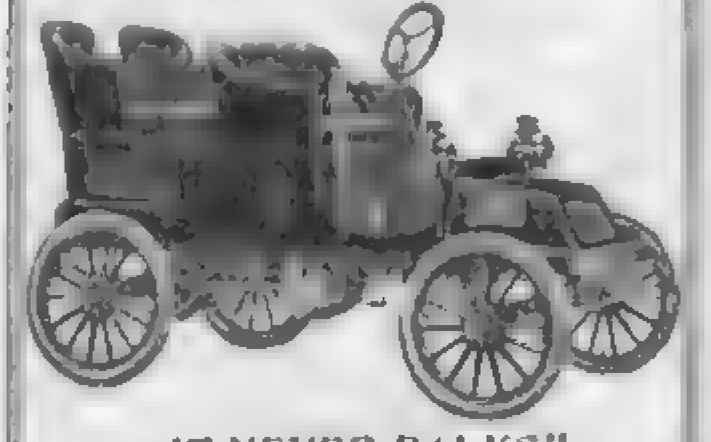
Send TO-DAY for Catalogue VH

(No charge.) One penny for a postal card request can't be spent to better advantage.

Montgomery Ward & Co.,
Michigan Ave. and Madison St., Chicago
Established 1872.

Hoffman Motor Car
$800–$950

Equal to any $2,500 automobile [illegible] 8 horse power gasoline engine, clutch gear [illegible], most easily controlled and [illegible] machine on the market. A combination [illegible] or double seat for two or four persons.
Can be changed in 15 seconds.



"IT NEVER BALKS"
but is thoroughly practical and fills all requirements. *Send for Catalogue.*
The Hoffman Automobile & Mfg. Co.
1816 Lake St., Cleveland, Ohio

Dearborn Junior
[illegible] Type writer Table Cabinet ever [illegible] Shipped to responsible [illegible] approval, freight prepaid east of the [illegible]. Write for catalogue of [illegible]
DEARBORN DESK CO., Birmingham, Ala.

100 VISITING CARDS Post paid 35c
Latest and correct styles and sizes. Order filled day received. Satisfaction guaranteed. [illegible] twice the price. Booklet "CARD STYLE" FREE!
E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. AND ENG. CO., Dept. 203, St. Louis, Mo.

Be methodical—that is, have a method for doing things that have to be done repeatedly, and have that method the best one that you can devise, or that can be devised for you, with the resources under your control.

Study the conditions with which you have to deal. If you are an employee, do your utmost to carry out the plans of your employers. Study their habits of mind, so far as you can do so intelligently. Endeavor to make suggestions. In other words, endeavor to think for them. If they do not adopt all your suggestions it may be that some ought not to be adopted. It may be, of course, that you have not the information upon which to think. It may be that you have not made your suggestions clear. It may be that your employer has not had sufficient time to consider them. It may be that he knows of some reason, unknown to you, why your suggestions should not be adopted. But it is for your interest to keep on thinking and suggesting. If you are in an independent business, or have to deal with a community yourself, study the community—its institutions, its political, commercial, social conditions, compare it with other communities of a corresponding character and then make use of the information so obtained.

Do not leave duties to others which you ought yourself to perform. What can be delegated ought to be delegated only to competent and faithful persons, and so far as is in your power select no others; but do not fail to make use of a competent and faithful person simply because you have not selected him.

Be sure of the character and capacity of your advisers. Get the best advice from the best men whom you can reach.

Be civil to every one and keep control of yourself.

Avoid giving offense. Sometimes to do one's duty it is necessary to give offense, but do not give it needlessly.

By John H. Converse
Of the Baldwin Locomotive Works

BE THOROUGH; play the game for all it is worth.

Be useful; do everything that needs to be done as there is opportunity, whether in your particular department or not.

Be prompt and regular at business.

Be cheerful and interested in your work.

Be strictly temperate.

And, supplementing all, be honest and a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

* * *

More Work for Inventors

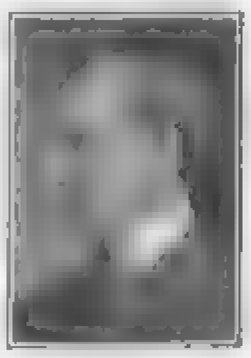
By Nixon Waterman

WITH wireless telegraphy to stimulate the mind
We ought to set to work at once, nor rest until we find
A lot of undiscovered things to amplify our joy
And do away with many cares that bother and annoy.

A trackless railway route would save a mountain of expense,
A boatless line of steamships, too, would surely prove immense;
And let some mind evolve for us a go-less kind of go
So we can travel 'round the world yet stay at home, you know.

And since it costs so much to live we scarce can save a cent,
A foodless dinner is the thing some genius should invent;
And, after that, if we would have existence truly cheap,
Some grand philanthropist should make a bedless kind of sleep.

To-day the trouble is that things are as they have to be,
Whereas we'd rather have them as we'd rather have them; see?
(These verses seem so tangled that the author here explains
It's all because they're fashioned from a brainless kind of brains.)



Can You Write Good English?
If so, the advertising field wants you and
Wants You Now

The volume of advertising is increasing more rapidly than the number of advertising writers and in this fact lies your opportunity.
A three months' course of instruction in this school will equip you to enter the field, hold a good paying position or operate as an independent specialist.
We are indorsed by the sound financial, business and professional men of America, who accept our recommendation of a graduate without question.

Our Students Hold Their Positions
because they are properly instructed by capable men whose influence is exerted in their behalf.

We Teach
PRACTICAL ADVERTISING
ADVERTISING MANAGEMENT
CREATION OF BUSINESS
PSYCHOLOGICAL AND THEORETICAL ADVERTISING
HOW TO WRITE MODERN ENGLISH
ADVANCED NEWSPAPER REPORTING
MODERN SALESMANSHIP

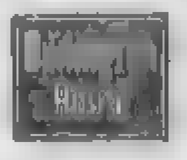
Remember this college is composed of ten men of the keenest advertising knowledge and highest professional standing.

Write for FREE Prospectus, also Test Blank
which will aid us in reaching an estimate of your capabilities.

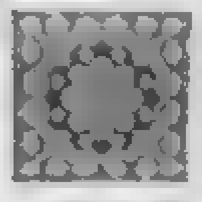
CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
Witt K. Cochrane, President
124 Williams Building   Chicago, Illinois

SAVE $4 PER MONTH

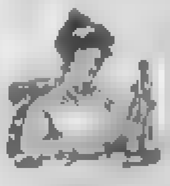
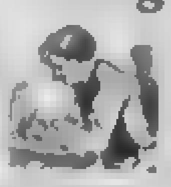
SAVINGS SECURITY
MARSHALL'S "SAVINGS BANK" IDEA
[illegible] Can you save $4.00 [illegible] send you either of these GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS [illegible] perfect in color and cut and free from all imperfections. They are the best value you can get anywhere. you deposit $10.00 and take possession. After that make a monthly [illegible]. We allow 4 per cent. on all deposits. When deposits [illegible] equal $42.00 the ring [illegible]
Send to-day for free booklets on "How [illegible] 'Save'"
GEO. E. MARSHALL
101 STATE ST   CHICAGO
Reference, First National Bank, Chicago



A Book about Colorado
A country anywhere from 6000 to 15,000 feet above sea level, where the air is light and dry and easy to breathe. That is why so many persons in poor health go there. A country with grand mountain scenery, golf courses, and fine trout fishing, with really good hotels, boarding houses and ranches where you can live well for little money. The ideal place to rest. That is what Colorado is. Our book tells all about it. Full of maps and illustrations. Price 6c. in postage. Send for a copy *today*.
Plan to go to Colorado next summer.
Address P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, [illegible] Burlington & Quincy Railway, [illegible] Street, Chicago.
52



From Factory to Floor for $2.50
We [illegible] Art Square large [illegible] room for two dollars and [illegible] the newest, cheapest, [illegible] reversible floor [illegible] description. [illegible]
Sanitary Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 34 233 So. 5th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

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taught by mail. MSS. sold on commission, criticised, revised and prepared for publication. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit", tells how to succeed as a writer. Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief, founded 1895.
THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
The Baldwin, No. 67 Indianapolis, Ind

For Breakfast
WHEATLET
"All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

PRACTICAL DRAWING
[illegible] Lettering [illegible] Architectural and Mechanical Perspective [illegible] paper Drawing etc. Instruction endorsed [illegible] authorities. [illegible] students. PRACTICAL [illegible]

WEDDING INVITATIONS
and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-Date Styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75 cents. Samples and [illegible]
J. W. COCKRUM 531 MAIN STREET OAKLAND CITY IND

Springtime in California
Three tours under Pennsylvania Railroad [illegible] at greatly reduced rates leave New York [illegible] Philadelphia May 12 and 13. Attractive itineraries, including Colorado and California resorts, the Yellowstone Park and Grand Canyon of Arizona, will be sent on application to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

STOP the LEAK with

SYSTEM

There are tremendous leaks in modern business — leaks in the office, in the factory, in the store. System alone can stop them.

In many business houses the methods of our grandfathers are still continued. Expenses are out of all proportion to the amount of business transacted. System alone can set things right.

There are weak spots in the best equipped concerns. System will remedy the evil.

It will increase the earning capacity one hundred per cent. It will decrease expense. It will improve efficiency.

System is the watchword of modern commercial success. The great exponent of this modern idea is

SYSTEM

a 96 page monthly, so brimful of ideas and clever systems that any business or professional man can get many dollars' worth of assistance, no matter what his business, from every number.

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The general a[illegible] REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

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To any yearly subscriber the advice by mail of any or all of SYSTEM'S experts or their assistants is FREE.

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FOR ONLY $1.00 We will enter your name for a full year's subscription and send you at once AS A PREMIUM four interesting back issues for immediate reading — sixteen numbers for a dollar. Send today. Everything to gain — nothing to lose. Note by the coupon that we take all the risk. Trial subscription of three months for 25 cents.

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out and
send it with
a
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TOWN AND STATE

THE SHAW WALKER CO., Muskegon, Michigan
Branch, Marquette Building, Chicago

Money Kings of the World

(Continued from Page 9)

The rapid mobilization and concentration of the German armies on the frontier, after war had been declared against France in 1870, were entirely due to the smoothness with which the railway system was worked. Not many months elapsed before the position of Bleichroder as the chief financial adviser of the Government was still more signally recognized. Before the conclusion of peace, and whilst the headquarters of the German army were still at Versailles, Mr. Gerson Bleichroder was summoned to that place to give his opinion as to the amount of the indemnity to be demanded from France and as to its utilization. No equally huge financial transaction was ever carried through with greater facility. It fully bore out the prediction of the Berlin banker on whom, in return for his manifold services, a patent of nobility was conferred. Herr von Bleichroder remained at the head of his firm, which he had raised to its present position of importance, until his death in 1893, when the management of the business devolved first upon his cousin, Privy Councilor Schwabach, who died about five years ago, and then upon his two sons, Hans von Bleichroder and Dr. Georg von Bleichroder. The former was killed not many months ago in a motor-car accident, and Dr. Georg von Bleichroder is now the chief partner. The standing of the firm at the present time is maintained through its participation in the deals of the "Rothschild group" and through judicious abstention from the craze of financing industrial undertakings which has reduced many prominent German banks to the level of mere promoting concerns.

One of the best known of German financiers is the son of the founder and present head of the Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft, Privy Councilor Adolf von Hansemann. This bank also owes no inconsiderable part of its importance to its connection with the Prussian Government, in which the founder of the company, David Hansemann, held the post of Minister of Finance until his death in 1864. His son Adolf joined the board in 1857 and represented the family interests during the years of office of his father. The financial operations following the conclusion of peace in 1871, and even more so the growth of German foreign trade, helped to raise the Disconto Gesellschaft (as it is usually called) to the leading position it now holds. It introduced German capital into Italy, Chili, Brazil, and latterly also in China, where its affiliated banks act as important aids to German commerce.

A German banker whose name was well known and respected all over the civilized world, Johann Georg von Sienens, one of the founders of the largest German banking institution, the Deutsche Bank, died early in 1902. His career, since he joined the directorate of the new company in 1870 at the age of thirty-one, shows, perhaps more clearly than that of any other German financier, a truly wonderful change which the consolidation of the Empire effected in the commercial position of the company. It was the aim of his life, and therefore became the main purpose of the Deutsche Bank, to cultivate and extend the trade with oversea relations among whom many Germans had already found new homes, but had in the process lost sight almost completely of the growth of the commerce of their native country. The new bank became not only a pioneer of German industries, but also an important factor in the foreign relations of the Empire, which it helped by the introduction of German capital into Turkey in Asia Minor, thereby securing the German Government a much more influential position with the Porte than it ever held before. The Anatolian Railway and the Bagdad Railway, when finished, will be monuments to Herr von Sienens' activity, a fact which was appreciated by the Emperor when he raised the financier to the Prussian nobility two years before his death.

The Deutsche Bank has had a strong footing in British South Africa ever since the goldfields were discovered at Witwatersrand. The late Mr. Adolf Goerz, who founded the famous firm which bears his name as a limited liability company, was practically the pioneer of the vast interests now controlled by the mother institution in the Transvaal and in German Southwest Africa. The Dresdener Bank, another powerful group of Teutonic capitalists, is represented in equally extensive mining and industrial investments in

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This style of **MAJESTIC** solves the hot water problem where a city water supply is not available. The reservoir shown on the left is entirely of copper, tinned inside and nickel plated on the outside. It holds 17 gallons and has no faucets to leak. Its great superiority lies in the fact that while cooking an ordinary breakfast the water will come to a boil, and when it boils a child can move the reservoir away from the range—into the position indicated by dotted lines—by turning the crank toward the range (see arrow in illustration). Properly used this reservoir is good for 25 years without a leak.

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Send 25c and we will ship to your nearest express office, express paid, this beautiful hand made **tucked all silk Chiffon Pattern Hat** just like the above cut. The crown is artistically made of a plateau of all silk chiffon laid on in artistic folds, the under and outer rims are covered with **imported** straw cloth. The side trimming consists of an **imported** spray of **Pure Silk** and **Velvet** roses with natural foliage. The front is ornamented with an **imported cut** steel or jet buckle. A drape of **pure silk** taffeta on the bandeau and a knot of the same material at the back gives the finishing touch to this truly artistic creation.

You can order it in Black, White, Gray, Navy Blue, Brown, Tan, Red or Straw color. In ordering write for **Pattern Hat No. 3.** State Black, White or color you desire. Send at once and hat will be delivered by return express.

If you find the hat better and more stylish than you can buy of your home milliner, pay the express agent **$1.95** and have the satisfaction of wearing a hat copied after one of the newest imported pattern hats shown this season.

Send 5c in stamps for the Finest Illustrated Millinery Art Catalogue ever issued. It tells how you can buy and wear the very newest Paris styles for much less than you would ordinarily pay.

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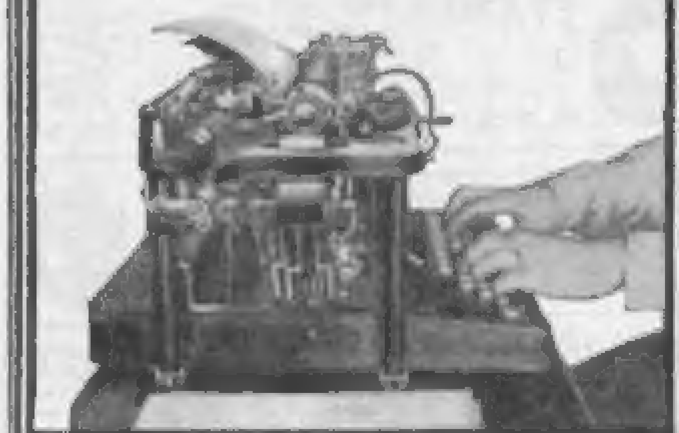

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FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C.

the Transvaal gold-fields by the Brothers Albu. The British ruefully admit that the gold-mining industry of South Africa — Anglo-African as it is often called — is more German than British.

No sketch of the money kings of the modern world would be complete without an account of the greatest of all the industrials of the Old World. Krupp, of Essen, has long been a household word throughout the world. The cannon king, whose batteries did almost as much as the breechloading needle-gun to found the German Empire, was much more than a gun-maker. Only thirty per cent. of the output at Essen was dedicated to the service of the God of War. But as *inter arma silent leges* so the roar of the Krupp cannon has drowned the praises which would otherwise have paid tribute to this veritable Vulcan of the industrial world.

The story of the creation of the Krupp dynasty is one of the heroic romances of the nineteenth century. It is a story of indomitable perseverance, of farsighted patriotism, triumphing after interminable delays over almost inconceivable difficulties. When Krupp the Third died last November the newspapers of the world were filled with glowing accounts of the magnificence of the estate — richer and more important than many a kingdom — which he left to his heirs.

Krupp's works at Essen had practically converted a village of 10,000 inhabitants into a Birmingham or Pittsburg with a population of from 100,000 to 150,000. The number of workmen on the pay-roll of the firm numbered 46,000. Nearly 40,000 cannon cast in the Krupp foundries were to be found in the arsenals of every State from China to Peru. Krupp owned great steel works near Magdeburg, an artillery range at Meppen, and the Germania shipyard and dock at Kiel. The firm owned and worked three large coal mines in Germany, and many iron mines in Germany and in Spain. A fleet of steamers owned by Krupp had their headquarters at Rotterdam. His agents traveled more like ambassadors than commercial travelers in every part of the civilized world. To feed the forges of this German Vulcan four tons of coal and coke were consumed every minute of every day in the livelong year. Emperors were eager to do Krupp honor, kings sat at his table. Titles the Krupps disdained; to be plain Herr Krupp was sufficient distinction for any man. Finally it was recorded with awestruck breath that Krupp was the richest man in Germany, paying income taxes these last years on an income of $5,000,000 per annum.

The whole of this gigantic establishment was built up on the foundations laid a hundred years ago by Frederick Krupp — Krupp the First. It is noteworthy that the incentive to begin the manufacture of steel came to the first Krupp in the shape of a desire to rival Sheffield, which then was the leading steel-making centre in the world.

Krupp was born at Essen and there in 1818 he built a small furnace and began the manufacture of steel. In 1822 he found that he had lost a fortune and impaired his health. He then moved with his family into a little one-story cottage which now stands in the centre of the works at Essen. There he lived in sickness and comparative penury for four years, and there he died in 1826, leaving his son Alfred, a lad of fourteen, to carry on the business, to support his mother and the younger children. He had no capital; his only assets were a factory and four workmen.

Years afterward when Krupp was famous throughout the world, Alfred, then Krupp the Second, ordered that the little cottage, where he had spent hundreds of sleepless nights, should be put in exactly the same shape as it was originally. He said, "I desire that it should be kept intact so long as the factory exist in order that my successors, like myself, may look with pleasure upon this memorial, this origin, of the great works."

Alfred Krupp the Second was fortunate in having a noble mother. It is noteworthy that the success of the Rothschilds and of the Krupps alike may be traced back to the character and capacity of a woman. Mrs. Krupp was her son's best friend and business adviser. Like Mr. Carnegie he did not marry till his mother died. Mother and son for twenty-six years labored hand in hand to build up from such small beginnings the greatest iron and steel works in the world.

It is a curious coincidence that as it was a desire to rival English steel makers which spurred Krupp the First to begin steel making, it was the lucky sale of a patent for making silver-plated spoons to an English firm which gave Krupp the Second the capital with which to realize his father's ambition. He set to work to manufacture the best steel

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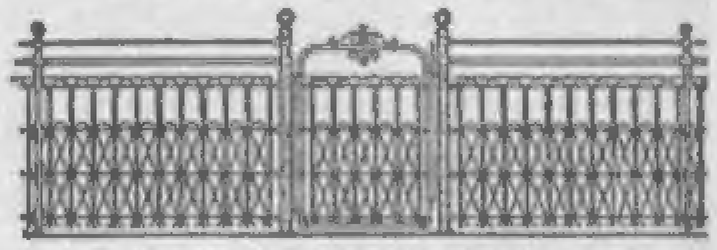

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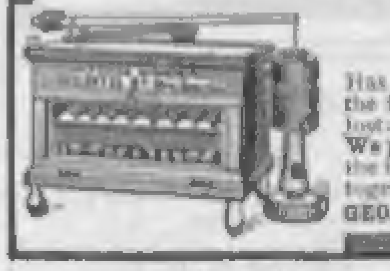

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that anybody would trust eggs to a hen with all the chances of breaking and leaving the nest, when an Ertel Incubator is so cheap. The simplest, most effective small hatcher is the

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Has all the improvements of the famous **Victor**, and built just as well. It's a sure hatcher. **We pay the freight.** Send for the book full of facts and photographs, &c., by mail, prepaid.

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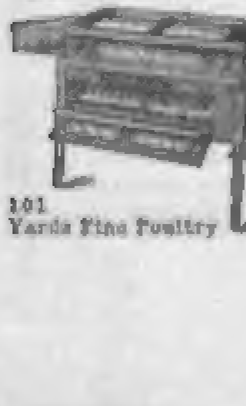

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in the world. No good steel could be made, he said, excepting from good iron, and from the first he aimed at making his works self-supporting. It was not till twenty-one years after his father's death that he began making guns from cast steel. He made his fortune in making railway plant; his weldless steel for car-wheels alone made him a fortune. What he made in manufacturing articles of peace he spent in making weapons of war. So far from being encouraged, the Prussian War Office did all it could to damp his ardor. Twelve years passed before, in 1859, he received an order to supply Prussia with 300 cannon. In 1866 his guns aided in the defeat of Austria, and in 1870 they consummated the overthrow of the French Empire.

From that year all was plain sailing. But the obstacles over which he had to triumph before he reached that point were almost inconceivable. It was very surprising that officialdom, especially Prussian officialdom, which is nothing if not paternal, looked askance at the proposal that the batteries of the King should be armed by a private manufacturer. Most Governments make their own cannon, but Germany, which owns its own railways, and is so jealous of private enterprises as not to allow a man to hire his own cart to carry his neighbor's goods, depends for its artillery upon a private firm, which supplies at the same time all the armies of all its rivals.

Krupp the Second reigned till 1887. When he died he handed over the works which he had inherited from his father sixty-one years before to his son Frederick, who died last November. He began with four workmen; when he left the works to his successor there were more than twenty thousand men on the pay-roll. He reigned over his men very much as a Prussian king reigns over Prussia. He was benevolent and intelligent, but he was an autocrat. The management of the business he deputed to a cabinet of fourteen heads of departments presided over by a chairman whom he named. But the works were his works—no one ever was permitted to forget that; the name of the man on horseback was Alfred Krupp. He looked after his men in his benevolent, paternal fashion; the works at Essen became the model industrial establishment in Germany. It was a kind of German Pullman. The sick fund, the pension fund, and the insurance fund which he founded, the first two in the fifties, the last in 1877, became the model of the Imperial social reforms of the close of the century. He built model workmen's houses, started a coöperative society, and supplied his men with all the appurtenances of civilization in the shape of hospitals, baths, schools and libraries. The contribution of the firm to these various funds, savings banks and so forth is said to amount to $1,000,000 per annum.

When Krupp the Second died and Krupp the Third came to the throne a change came o'er the spirit of the dream. Frederick Krupp was an able man with artistic tendencies. But he had not the energy of his father. He died last November and the Kaiser did public honor to his memory. Never before had a Money King been laid to rest with an Emperor as chief mourner.

Golden Fleece

(Continued from Page 11)

"What are you talking about, Jenny?" demanded her mother sharply.

"Why, I married Tom Burster half an hour ago. He's putting the notices in all the papers for to-morrow morning. Everybody'll think I changed my mind and shook Frothingham. And I did, too!"

"Jenny!" exclaimed her father. "Tom Burster!"

"And he's coming here to dinner, if you don't object," she continued. "If you do, why I'll join him and we'll go away and give you a chance to cool off." She caught her father by the beard. "What do you say, Daddy? Say yes, or I'll pull."

"Yes," replied her father with a huge sigh of relief—his daughter was contented; her and their vanity would be spared; Tom Burster would not demand or want a dower; he was not only independent, but also one of the most forward young "self-made" rich men in Chicago. "You've got more sense than all the rest of the family put together," he exclaimed proudly, patting her on the head.

And in an absent, reflective tone she said: "I always felt I'd have some use for Tom sooner or later."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

8 Ever Blooming ROSES FREE

TO get you interested we will send you **absolutely free**, all charges prepaid, the following eight roses: They are not cheap, common roses; they are the choicest and most famous varieties. They are healthy, well-rooted plants; well packed, and we guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition; accompanying each lot of plants there are full directions for planting, care, etc.

CLIMBING METEOR—It has been called perpetual blooming, climbing, General Jacqueminot. It is a free, persistent bloomer, and will make a growth of from 10 to 15 feet in a season; in bloom all the time. Its flowers, deep, rich red and are much larger than Meteor and are richer in color. It is just the rose to train up the veranda or around windows.

THE BRIDE—The largest white ever-blooming rose grown. The color is a delicate creamy white, very full flowers, measuring from 3½ to 4 inches in diameter.

DUCHESS DE BRABANT—This rose combines exquisite perfume, beautiful coloring and a matchless profusion of flowers and foliage. Soft, light rose, with heavy shading of amber and salmon.

BRIDESMAID—The bud is of exquisite shape and contour, so solid and firm, and stems are so long and stiff that no other rose will compare with it in keeping qualities after being cut. It is a bright pink, and is the same color all the time, under every condition of the weather and surroundings.

CLOTHILDE SOUPERT—It is a strong, vigorous grower. The flowers are large, double and beautiful in form, borne in sprays, and the color blends from a soft shell-pink to a pure satiny white.

THE UNIQUE ROSE, MME. FRANCESKA KRUGER—The striking color of this handsome rose places it at once in the front as a bed producer in the open air. In its shading of deep, coppery yellow it stands unique and distinct from all others. The flower, when open, is of good size and very symmetrical. One of the finest roses to plant in masses and clumps.

SAFRANO—Bright apricot-yellow, changing to orange and fawn, sometimes tinted with rose; valued highly for its beautiful buds; fragrant and a rampant grower.

MARIE VAN HOUTTE—Pale yellow, edge of petals often lined with rose, well formed, of good habit, and in every respect a most charming sort. The finest Tea Rose for outdoor culture.

All we ask of you is that you secure a club of three yearly subscribers for WOMAN'S WORLD at our special combined club rate of 50 cents for three yearly subscriptions. Send the names and addresses of the three subscribers and enclose 50 cents, and we will have shipped you at any time you desire the set of eight beautiful roses as described above, carefully packed, all charges prepaid, free. The regular club subscription rate for WOMAN'S WORLD is 25 cents, but we are making a special combined rate of 50 cents for three subscribers on this offer. We are making this extraordinary offer to introduce WOMAN'S WORLD, which is the best illustrated magazine ever published at a popular price.

Remember, you can secure for us as many subscribers as you can, and for each club of three we send you free **another set of 8 beautiful roses**, as described above, all charges paid. Begin your work at once. When sending your clubs, state when you want to plant, and we will have the roses sent at that time. Copies of WOMAN'S WORLD sent you on request. Address

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All our cook stoves and Ranges equipped with patent oven thermometer, which makes baking a delight.

The only strictly high-grade stoves and ranges **sold direct from factory to user at factory prices.**
They are sold on a

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WE WANT BOYS IN EVERY TOWN TO SELL

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If you will try it, write and we will send next week's supply of ten copies without charge, to be sold for 5 cents each, and everything necessary to start at once.

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485 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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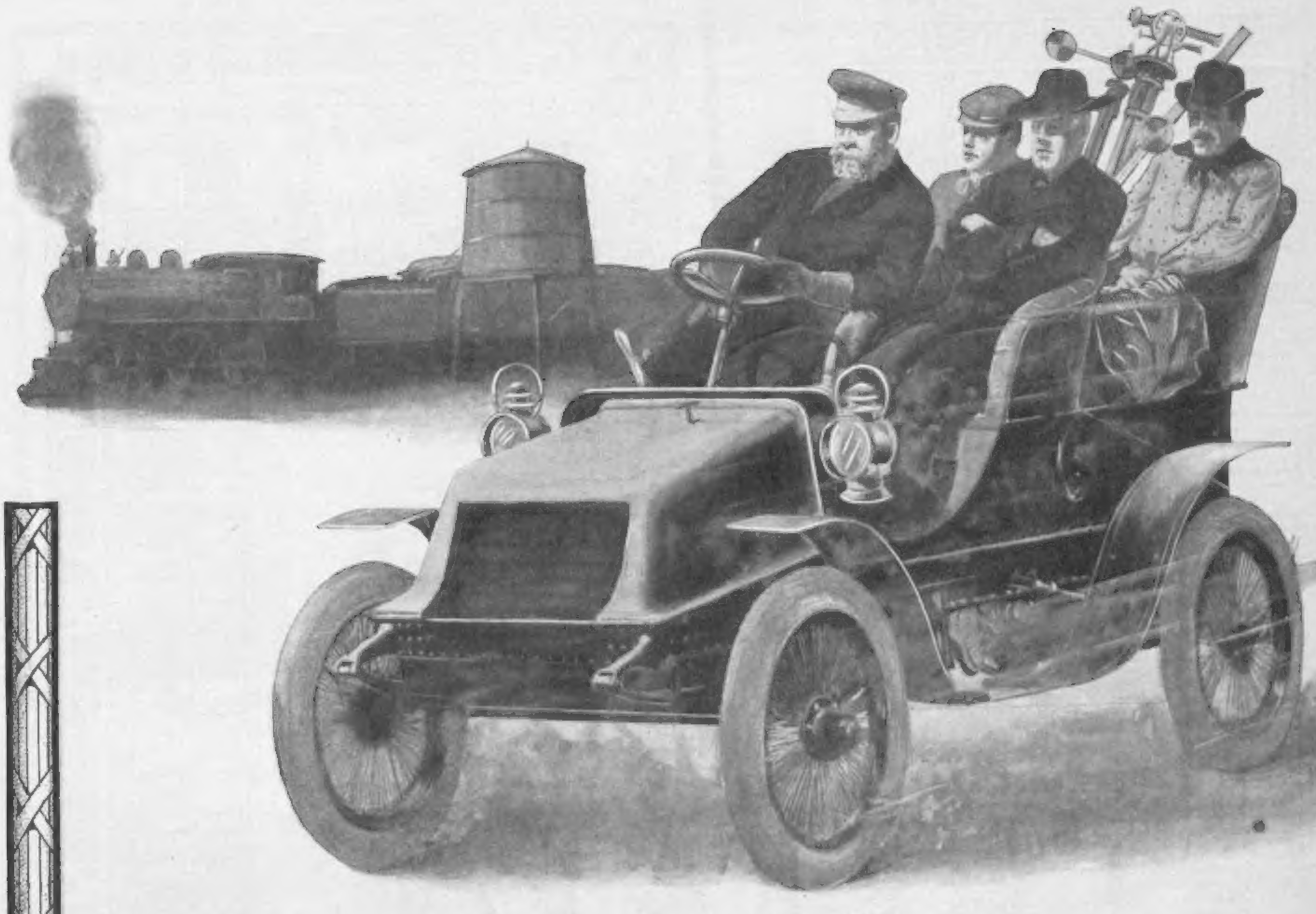

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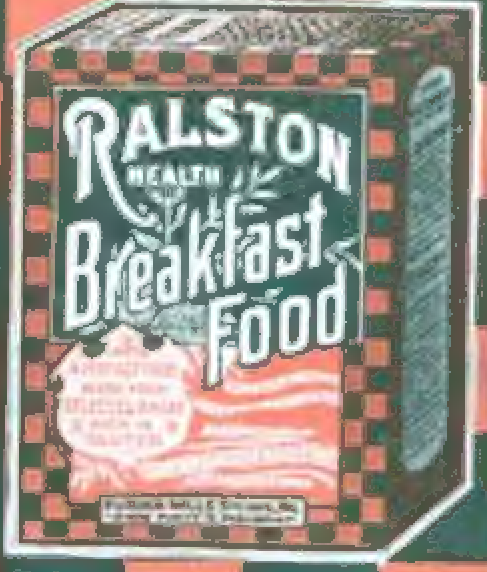
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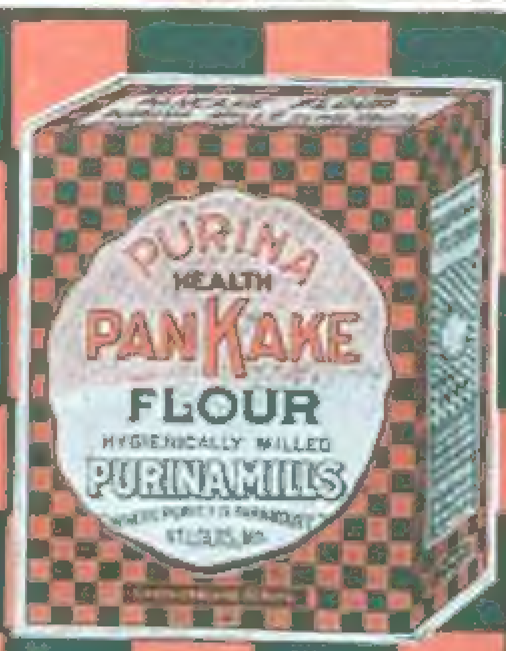
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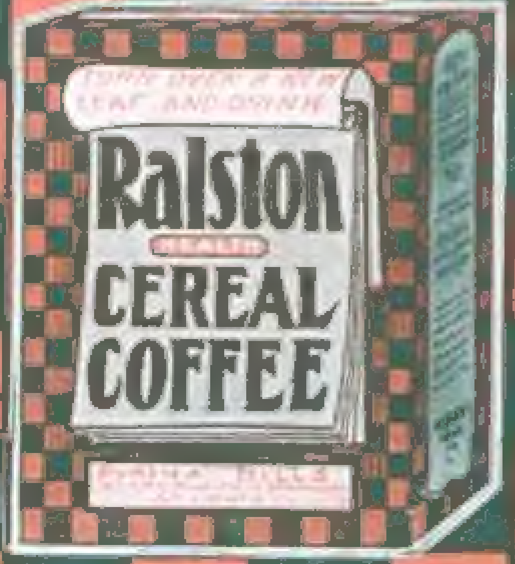
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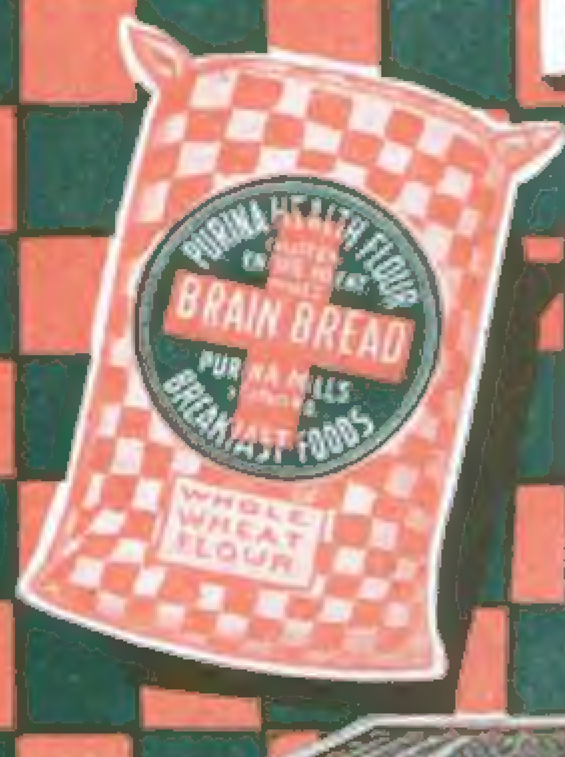
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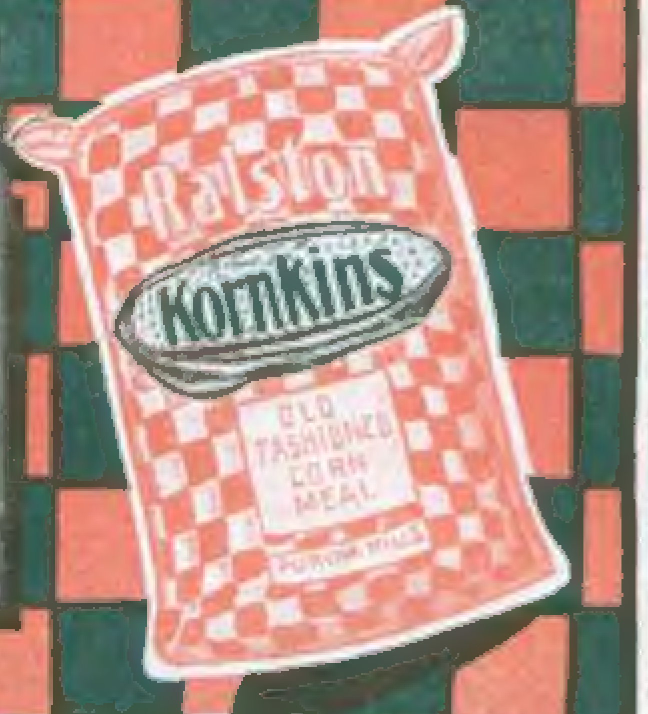
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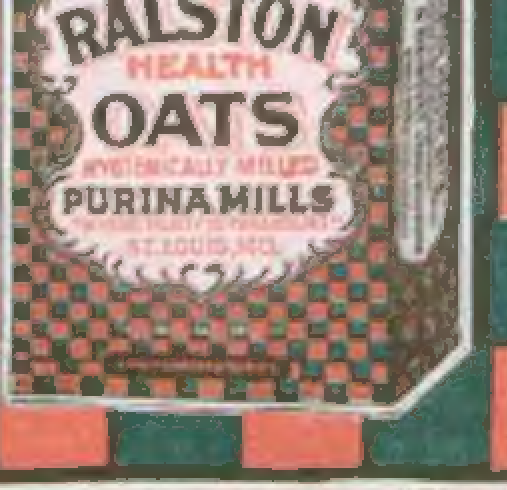
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OATS
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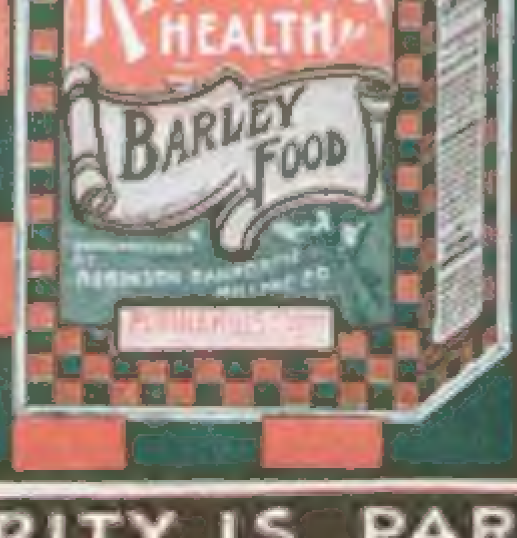
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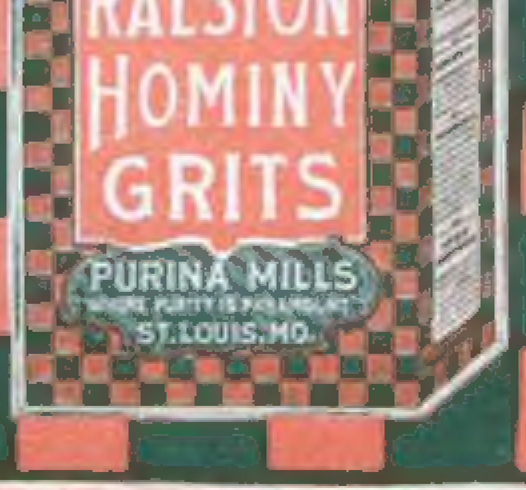
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